







FEBRUARY 2019 Volume 45 Number 10 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



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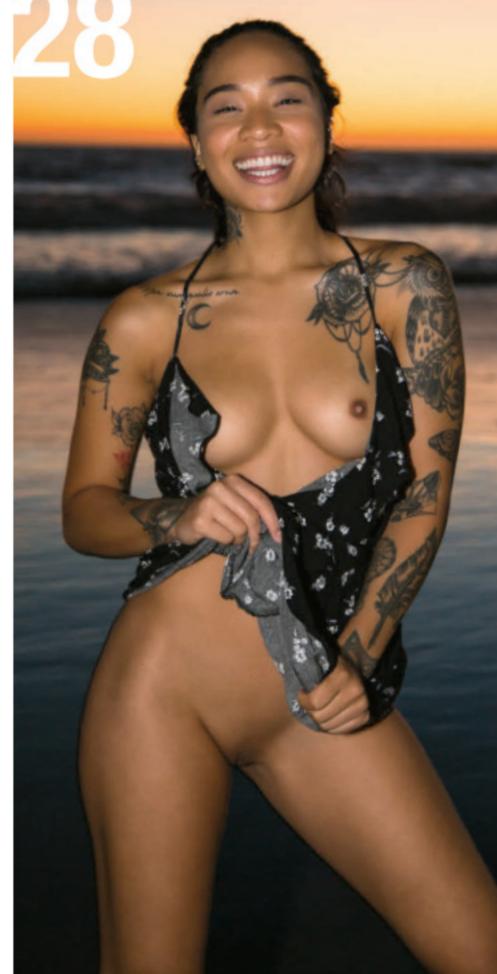
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AMERICA'S SHAMEFUL CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM

here are many reasons to be proud of the United States, but our criminal justice system is not one of them. We have the highest incarceration rate in the world, with 2.2 million citizens in federal, state and county jails—a 500% increase since the mid-'70s. And the system is rife with gross disparities and injustices, including a private for-profit prison industry with an extensive record of inhumane abuses and negligence.

The average American prison sentence is nearly twice as long as in Australia and five times that in Germany. Black and Latino citizens are routinely sentenced to longer terms than white offenders for the same crimes. Mandatory minimum sentences and truth-in-sentencing laws remove a judge's discretion and result in draconian prison terms, and too many inmates endure long spells of solitary confinement, deemed a form of torture by the United Nations.

Prosecutors withhold exculpatory evidence and have been known to railroad innocent men and women to gain a notch on their belts. Even after their victims have been exonerated, dishonest prosecutors are rarely held accountable for these gross perversions of justice. So there is no deterrent to repeating the offense.

The wealthy can afford teams of ace lawyers who get their clients off the hook, while indigent defendants must rely on overworked public defenders who often push their clients into guilty plea bargains rather than risk a jury trial.

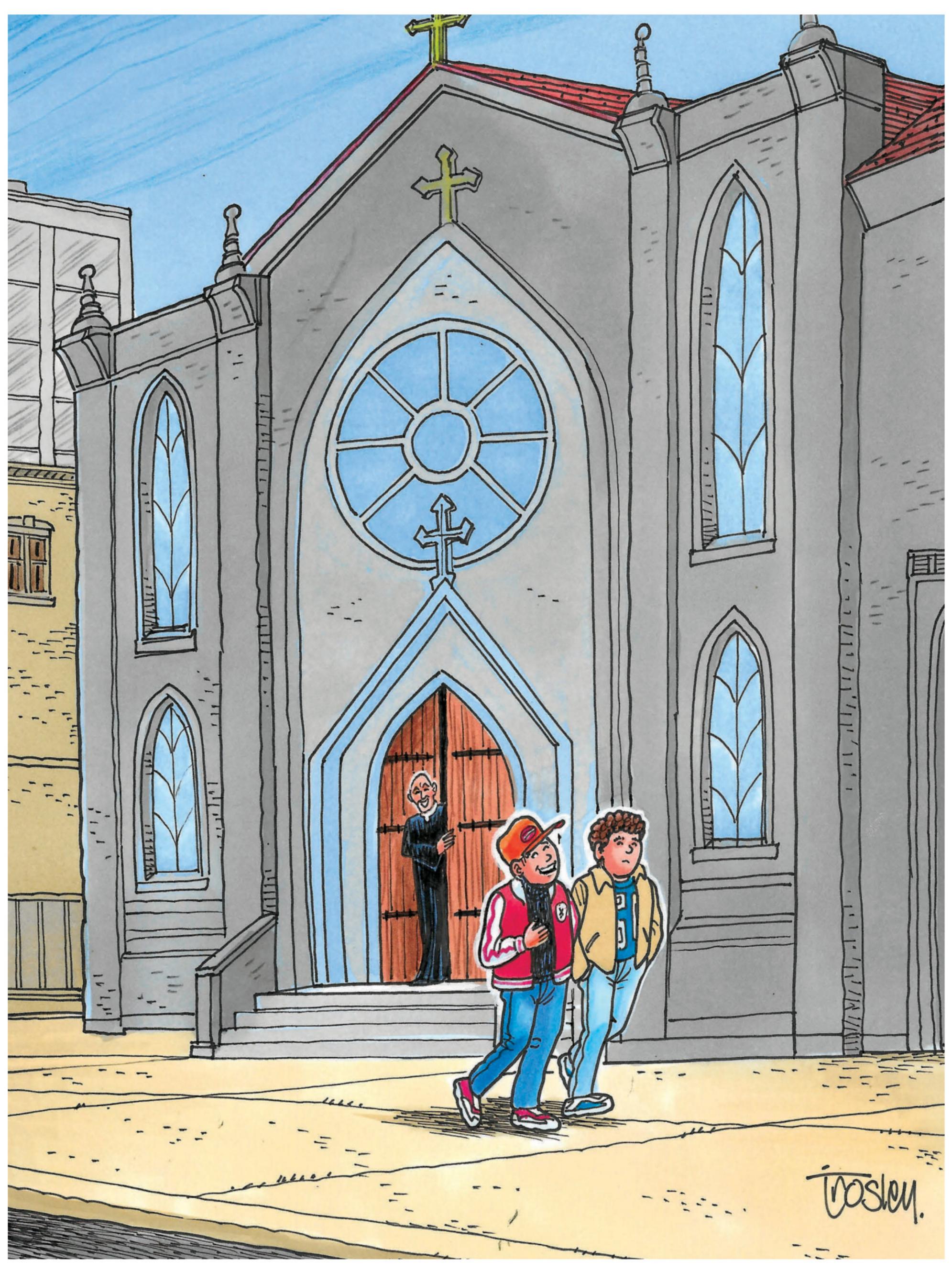
The War on Drugs has been a huge, counterproductive failure,

Criminalizing nonviolent offenders at a cost of \$51 billion per year. Nations like Portugal that have decriminalized drugs have experienced lower rates of drug use, addiction and contagious diseases. Why can't we learn from them and other nations? Worst of all, we still practice the barbaric death penalty, outlawed by all other Western nations. Then we have the summary executions performed by our trigger-happy police forces, with black men three times as likely to be killed as their white counterparts, even if unarmed.

Justice is the single most important tenet of government, and the wrongs perpetrated by our current system are unforgivable for a nation that purports to be civilized. Someday I hope we will become enlightened enough to get smart rather than tough on crime.

Many states now have criminal reform initiatives to address injustices at the state level. And several national organizations are pursuing these issues as well, including the Sentencing Project, Death Penalty Focus, Brennan Center for Justice, and the Innocence Project. Your spare time and/or money would be well spent supporting them.

Larry Flynt Publisher



"To tell you the truth, I'm more interested in older men."

SAUDI MONEY TRUMPS U.S. MORALS

THE APPARENT GRISLY MURDER OF A PROMINENT JOURNALIST PUTS AMERICA'S ALLIANCE WITH SAUDI ARABIA IN THE SPOTLIGHT.

onald Trump has the strangest crushes on questionable countries, ranging from North Korea to Russia to Saudi Arabia, not to mention several other bizarre choices. But the one for which he expressed the purest and earliest of affections as a newly minted President was darkly duplicitous Saudi Arabia, which is more an oil depot than a nation. "I love the Saudis," Trump proclaimed at Trump Tower in June 2015 when he formally launched his run for the Presidency. "Many are in this building."

It was an understandable devotion, fueled by a history of Saudi princes bailing Trump out of numerous financial disasters over past decades. He was even contemplating additional major investments through his roughly half dozen dummy Saudi companies when he chose the kingdom as the first foreign destination to honor with his presence after the Republican candidate's startling victory on Election Day 2016.

The trip, arranged by Trump's son-in-law Jared Kushner, was an important showcase of deference to the Saudi theocracy. Kushner had already developed a strong bond with Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman, the defense minister named heir to the throne occupied by his octogenarian father, King Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud.

Trump's friendship with the royal family quickly facilitated a \$110-billion weapons deal with the United States. In return, the President agreed to back the Saudi-financed genocidal war in Yemen, a deeply immoral conflict of conquest by the world's richest nation against arguably the poorest.

The princes were on a roll, with Kushner claiming that bin Salman was on board Trump's ambitious Israeli-Palestinian peace plan, which was never going to fly because it meant the end of any hope for a genuine Palestinian state. Even the Saudi government couldn't explain that one away and pulled out.

But what the princes did agree on was attaining full-throttle U.S. support to help undermine Shiite bastion Iran, Sunni monarchy Saudi Arabia's bitter rival for regional dominance. That was an easy sell to Trump, who had made a campaign promise to exit the Obama Administration's nuclear weapons deal with Iran and quickly gave a blank check to Saudi suppression of the Iranbacked rebellion in Yemen.

It was a wonderful collaboration until this turd of a new power alliance hit the fan when Crown Prince Salman overreached with the disappearance of a prominent Saudi dissident. Jamal Khashoggi, a well-connected *Washington Post* columnist, thought he could safely visit the kingdom's consulate in Istanbul, Turkey, to finalize paperwork for his upcoming marriage.

Thus was born the greatest Middle East murder plot of modern history: Who killed Jamal Khashoggi? We will probably never know for sure what happened, this being a tale investigated by a number of nations quite adept at concealing the truth.

According to Turkish authorities, Khashoggi was killed at the consulate during a brutal interrogation, and his apparently dismembered body was somehow removed from the crime scene—and most likely will never be found. The ensuing international outrage was unprecedented.

Even members of the U.S. Congress, which had managed to cozy up to the Saudi family no matter its previous transgressions against civilized values, chimed in. Believing that the crown prince had ordered the killing, Senator Lindsey Graham (R-South Carolina) said on *Fox & Friends*, "This guy has got to go."

Despite his own cozy relationship with the Saudis, Trump was moved to indicate some vague displeasure with the intentions of the Saudi government. Why the sudden disillusionment with

what for a half-century clearly has been one of the most murderous, destabilizing regimes in the world? Why the outcry over one death? Fifteen of the 19 operatives who carried out the deadliest terrorist acts ever on U.S. soil—killing thousands of innocents—were Saudi citizens traveling with legitimate Saudi passports. And who ordered the 9/11 attacks? Osama bin Laden, a scion of one of the kingdom's most respected clans.

As for the Jamal Khashoggi whodunit, the dark prince Mohammed bin Salman himself supplied a very important clue when he greeted Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, who was hurriedly dispatched by Trump to the Saudi capital to smooth things over. As the AP reported, "Pompeo then met a smiling Prince Mohammed, the 33-year-old heir apparent to the throne of the world's largest oil exporter.... 'We are strong and old allies,' the prince told Pompeo. 'We face our challenges together—the past, the day of, tomorrow.'"

But Pompeo, a former CIA director, and Trump had already gotten the message: A "rogue" Saudi butler did it, surely not the son of the President's dear old friend, the Saudi king.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"In a startling event today at the conservative action caucus, actual bull feces spilled from the mouth of keynote speaker Newt Gingrich!"



PREPARE FOR IMPACT(S)

IT'S NOT YOUR IMAGINATION. NATURAL DISASTERS ARE GETTING WORSE—AND WE'RE NOT READY.

oughly—and conservatively—speaking, one inch of rainfall is the equivalent of about one foot of snowfall. That might help you understand the deluge generated by Hurricane Lane, which dumped some 50 inches of rain on parts of Hawaii in August 2018. That's enough moisture for at least 50 *feet* of snow had it fallen in, say, Minnesota in January.

Of course heavy rainfall isn't unheard of in Hawaii, but Lane *nearly* broke the all-time U.S. record for wettest tropical cyclone set by Hurricane Harvey in August 2017. Its maximum rainfall measured more than *60 inches*, causing widespread flooding in Houston, Texas, and various Gulf Coast cities. The two wettest storms in U.S. history occurring within a year validates scientists' repeated warnings that such storms would become more intense and much wetter as the impacts of climate change worsen.

Days after Hurricane Florence made landfall in the Carolinas in September 2018, President Donald "Stable Genius" Trump labeled it "one of the wettest we've ever seen from the standpoint of water." While it remains unclear from what other standpoint one might categorize a tropical storm's moisture level, Florence generated *only* around 30-plus inches of rain in North Carolina—or at least 30 feet of snow in a colder clime.

Florence struck nearly one year to the day after Hurricane Maria devastated Puerto Rico in 2017, leaving large swaths of the island without electricity for almost a year. Maria also resulted in the deaths of more Americans than 2005's Hurricane Katrina or the 9/11 attacks. Most of the deaths attributed to Maria came in the months following the storm, as people perished from waterborne diseases and other health issues exacerbated by the prolonged loss of power.

When Puerto Rico adjusted its official death toll to 2,975 in August 2018, Trump—who had touted his administration's response to Maria as an "incredible, unsung success"—refuted the increase, falsely tweeting that "3000 people did not die." He claimed the new figure, based on the conservative estimates of an independent study by George Washington University's Milken Institute School of Public Health, was part of a conspiracy. "This was done by the Democrats in order to make me look as bad as possible," Trump railed.

"The President is wrong," disaster historian Scott Knowles of Drexel University told me, citing the well-established methodology used in the Milken Institute study. He described Trump's rejection of the higher death toll as "deeply political," adding "there are winners and losers in the count." We are moving past the fight over the existence of climate

change—it's here—to the battle over how to prepare for its worst impacts, so numbers matter.

We've seen similar denials of death and disease following previous disasters, most notably 9/11 and its first responders, as well as combat veterans suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder years after their service. Knowles cautioned that things are only going to get worse: "We have to talk very clearly and very honestly about the impact of disasters not being confined just to the moment in which they occur."

In the 1990s, Knowles explained, President Bill Clinton's Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) reassessed its mission in hopes of focusing on "long-term, community-based preparation" to deal with major disasters. Following the 9/11 attacks, however, FEMA reverted to its Atomic Era focus on short-term emergency *recovery* only. "September 11 [2001] turned the clock back to 1951," Knowles told me.

As to lessons learned from the aforementioned recent hurricanes, Knowles blamed the U.S. construction industry for helping to ensure that well-understood threats—such as those linked to climate change—too often take a backseat to commercial development. "The most powerful lobby in any statehouse across the country is the construction industry," Knowles pointed out. "They call it the FIRE sector—finance, insurance and real estate. I call it the finance-construction complex. . . .

"Rules [nationwide] are handled almost entirely at the state and local level," Knowles continued. "So federal policy can change, but it will still have a lot of trouble telling Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina what they can and can't allow along the coast-line—or in California what they can and can't allow in a wildfire corridor," where dwellings continue to be built and rebuilt in the most threatened areas.

Of course, for the deep-pocketed construction industry, rebuilding over and over again in the same location is a windfall. For the American people it's a disaster—one after another, in fact.

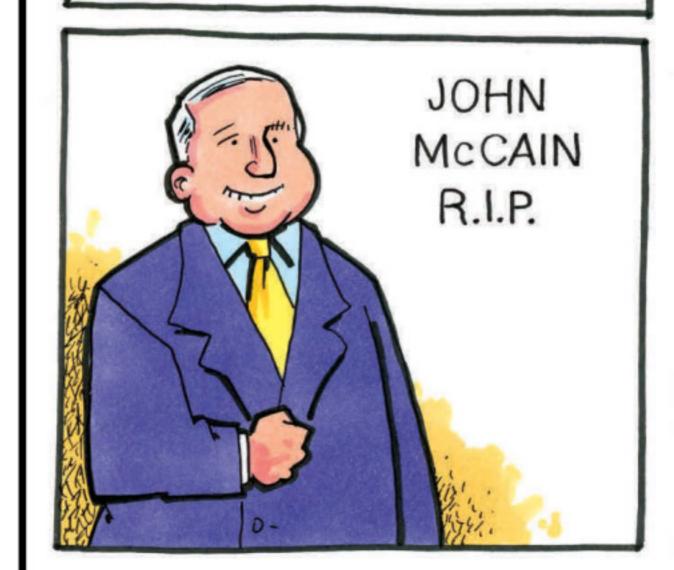
Our perilous lack of preparedness becomes clearer still with regard to disaster "multipliers," such as chemical plants and Gulf Coast oil refineries. In North Carolina thousands of hog waste lagoons and a power plant's unprotected coal ash pits turned into toxic soup during the unprecedented flooding caused by Hurricane Florence.

"We have to get very serious about the issue of environmental protection and not just acting like disasters are aberrant things that are only going to happen once in a while," Knowles advised. "The coal ash and the animal waste in North Carolina, that's a huge environmental nightmare, but you can find a nightmare like that waiting in all 50 states."

Nobody can say you haven't been warned, but there's a lot of money to be made by profiteers that hope you don't notice.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

LION of the SENATE



LIAR of the WHITE HOUSE



I VOTED FOR DONALD TRUMP AND NOW I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT! NOW, DON'T BE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF. YOU WERE A DAMN IDIOT BEFORE TRUMP EVER RAN FOR OFFICE!



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

epeated failure can drive a person mad, but an excess of success can do the same. Soar too far above the humble crowd, and you risk losing touch with reality. Sadly, such is the case with Kanye West as, over this past year, he's morphed into a crazed, gungho supporter of Donald Trump.

For those not well attuned to pop music in general and rap in particular, West has been hailed as a genius of the genre, from his early days as a producer for other artists to his incarnation as a performer in his own right in 2002. In October of that year he fell asleep at the wheel while driving one night, crashing head-on into another car. Incredibly, he recorded his first solo song soon thereafter, with his wrecked jaw wired shut.

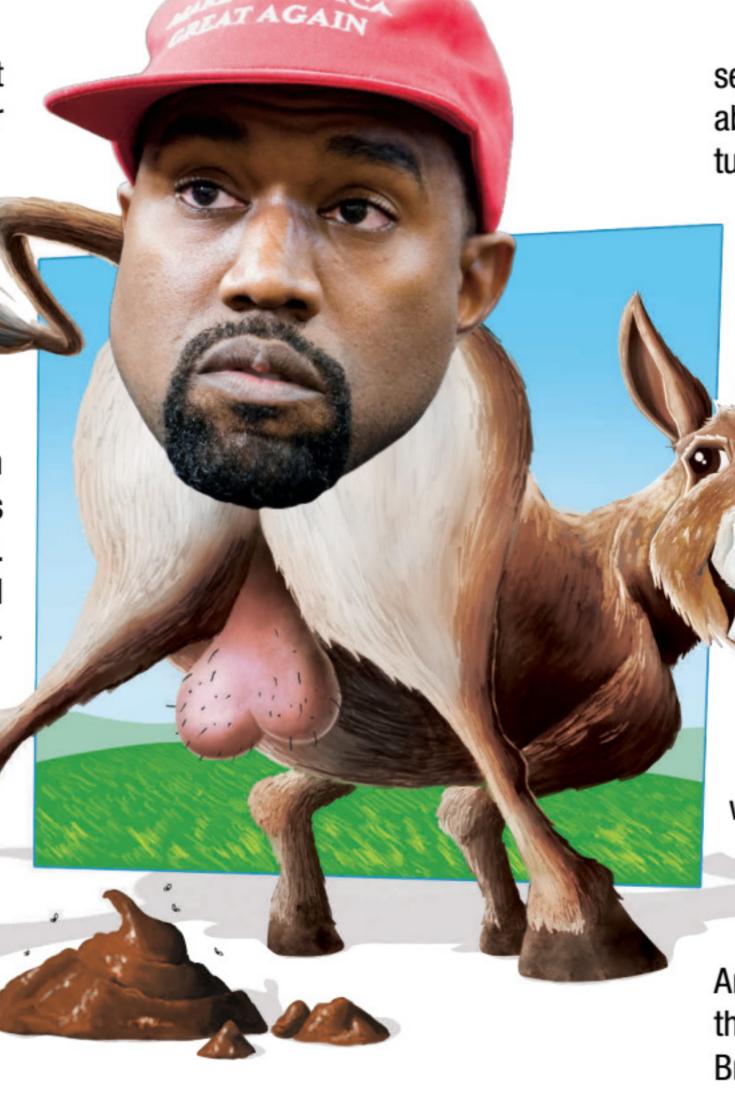
That fateful accident was followed by a steady succession of innovative work as a headline artist, producer and fashion entrepreneur. He's on top of the world now: married to celebrity bimbo Kim Kardashian and in-

volved in a dizzying array of lucrative gigs and deals. He talks up plans of building a flying car, a hydrogen-powered airplane to replace Air Force One and even starting his own architecture firm. So we could see Kanye Towers soon—or, God forbid, Trump-Kanye Towers, if his new love affair with the President holds. And why shouldn't it? It's a bromance of the corrupted American Dream—two clueless hustlers build a name brand and make a fortune, leading to the great American Delusion: He's rich, so he must be a genius.

If Trump has an ego the size of a room, Kanye's bloated sense of self-importance could fill a sky-scraper. He cannot tolerate being dissed with anything but first place in music award ceremonies. He stormed out of the 2004 American Music Awards auditorium in a crybaby huff because he was not chosen as Best New Artist. "I felt like I was definitely robbed.... I was the best new artist this year," he whined afterward.

In December 2005 he said he would "really have a problem" if he didn't win Album of the Year at the Grammys. (He didn't win.) That same year, at the MTV Europe Music Awards, he escalated his rabid sense of entitlement by bursting onto the stage to protest that he should have won the Best Video award instead of the actual winners, as they were being awarded! After losing the opening performer gig at the 2007 MTV Video Music Awards to Britney Spears, he played the race card, lamenting, "Maybe my skin's not right." Then he trumped all these boorish antics at the 2009 MTV Video Music Awards, actually grabbing the mic from Taylor Swift as she was being honored with the Best Female Video award to proclaim that Beyonce's entry was "one of the best videos of all time."

What kind of "jackass," as then-President Obama called Kanye, repeatedly crashes award ceremonies because he or his pals didn't win first prize? The same kind of self-fellating jackass who actually be-



KANYE WEST

lieves that, after two years of embarrassing incompetence and buffoonery, Trump is the greatest President since Lincoln. No real surprise then that Trump and Kanye met to rub their massively swollen egos together for a splooge-fest of mutual admiration in the Oval Office in October.

Donning a MAGA hat, Kanye treated Trump to a ten-minute love rap, interspersed with a bizarre "blitzkrieg of blathering ignorance," in the words of African-American professor Michael Eric Dyson. A few of his pearls of twisted wisdom: "So there's theories that there's infinite amounts of universe and there's alternate universe. So it's very important for me to get Hoover out, because in an alternate universe, I am him.... There's a lot of things affecting our mental health that makes us do crazy things that puts us back into that trap door called the 13th Amendment.... Let's stop worrying about the future. All we really have is today.... It was something about when I put this hat on, it made me feel like Superman. You made a Superman.... I love this guy right here [Trump]. Let me give this guy a hug right here. I love this guy right here."

Trump couldn't have articulated all this better—or worse—himself. We don't know if Kanye was pawing his crotch when he circled the desk for a manly hug, but they were both close to mutual ego orgasm. It takes a linguist and psychologist to decipher some of Trump's rambling nonsense, so it makes sense that the President may have understood Kanye's incoherent gibberish, although no one else did.

The alternate universe Kanye inhabits has nothing to do with Larry Hoover (a Black Gangster Disciple Nation leader now serving six consecutive life

sentences), but rather a *Twilight Zone* of brain-frying absurdity where "time is a myth," there is "no future," involuntary servitude was "a choice," and the

13th Amendment (that abolished slavery) is some kind of "trap door" now enslaving 21st-century Afro-Americans that should be repealed. Don't

strain too hard trying to make sense of this, or your own brain could end up lost in another dimension.

That's definitely where Kanye's brain is now. In 2016 he was admitted to the UCLA Medical Center, reportedly for hallucinations and paranoia. He spent ten days in the hospital, and many suspect that he's never fully recovered. As evidence, consider another pearl from the Oval Office rap: "And what we need is, we can empower the pharmaceu-

ticals and make more money."

Empower the fucking pharmaceutical industry that fleeces

American consumers while addicting and killing thousands with their supercharged legal opioids? Brilliant, Kanye!

Back in 2005, at a concert for Hurricane Katrina relief, Kanye dissed President George W. Bush because he "doesn't care about black people"—probably true given the administration's negligent disaster response in largely black New Orleans. Now Kanye embraces the Donald, who was once sued by the Justice Department for housing discrimination against African-Americans and whose racist dog whistles have emboldened neo-Nazis and white supremacists from coast to coast.

The man may have lost his mind, but there's method in his madness. Like his orange idol in the White House, Kanye gives lip service to bringing manufacturing jobs back to the U.S., but his overpriced Yeezy sneakers are made in China by Adidas—just as Trump's branded shirts, ties and other apparel are made in China, Bangladesh, Vietnam and other Third World sweatshops. One award Kanye will never lose: Hypocrite of the Year.

We suspect that Kanye's new crush on Trump may have been motivated by money. His and wife Kim Kardashian's combined fortune is estimated to be at least \$295 million, meaning they got a whopping break with Trump's tax overhaul gift to his fellow plutocrats. Nothing sparks love like a huge wad of new loot bulging your pockets!

It's a safe bet that a majority of black Americans would prefer his jaw to be wired shut again—permanently. But if you think this clown act can't get any worse, consider that Kanye has announced that he'll run for President in 2024! It can't happen here, you say? It has already happened here—look at the impossible ignoramus running the country now. All bets are off as the USA continues its decline into a virtual idiocracy, handing the reins of ultimate power to a succession of imbecile scions and celebrity halfwits. Grab your barf bag, and get ready for Kanye West, Asshole in Chief!

IT'S AGAINST THE LAW?



It's funny how quick we are to judge other cultures for what we perceive as restrictive and oppressive attitudes toward sex. But you know what they say about glass houses, especially here in the United States of America, where patently ridiculous sex laws are somehow still on the books.

Many thanks to *The Daily Dot* for compiling this list of archaic offenses that might not necessarily land you in the pokey, but are certainly worth considering should you ever find yourself contemplating sex in a meat locker or a rub and tug in Horneytown. Take note of these states and the bizarre specificity of their sex laws.

Arizona: Cheaters beware—adultery is a Class 3 misdemeanor in Arizona, but the good news is that you and your paramour can't be prosecuted unless your spouse is willing to press charges. Love you, honey!!!

California: Not sex so much as sexadjacent, but still worth a mention: In the Golden State, "boob pillows," or plush stuffed breasts, cannot be sold within 1,000 feet of a highway.

Idaho: Better put a ring on it—unmar-

ried sex carries a \$300 fine and up to six months in jail.

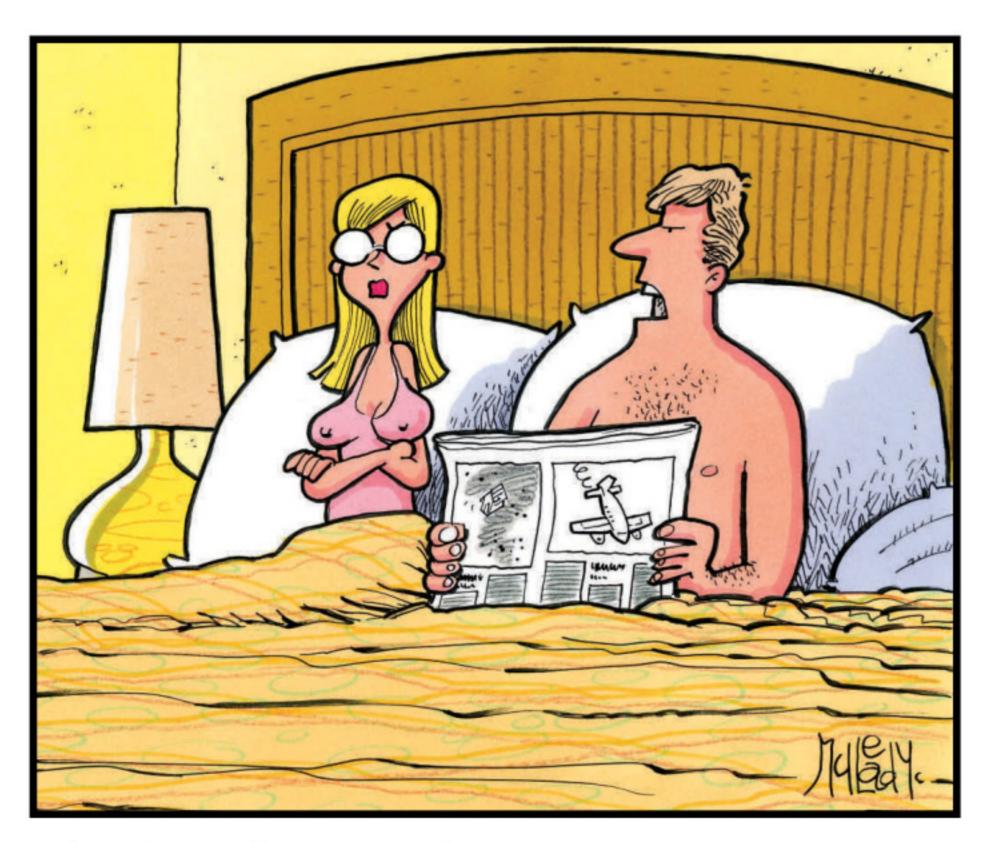
Indiana: Visible bulge, or "covered male genitals in a discernibly turgid state," is illegal in public.

Missouri: You think it's unfair how women can't show nipple on Instagram? What about the real victims in Springfield, where both sideboob and underboob are banned in public?

North Carolina: Look it up if you don't believe us, but there is a place called Horneytown where massage parlors are *heavily* regulated. Forsyth County has ordinances that require all employees be clothed, ordinary beds cannot be used, and patrons must use the front door without exception. Got all that? South Dakota: Sorry, Wild West cosplayers: It is illegal to use a covered wagon in any way for the purposes of prostitution. Some things are sacred. **Washington:** By law strippers are not allowed to wear devices that simulate pubic hair. Because false advertising? **Wyoming:** In the city of Newcastle, it is illegal to have sex inside a store's walkin freezer. Since when did food and fucking not mix? See the item below.

BEETS & BONDAGE

Well done, Comedy Central—you raised our hopes and dashed them quite expertly. Bravo! Or as one Facebook commenter put it, "The world is so



"Look at all the people who died this year from plane crashes, ferries sinking, landslides or gun violence. And you bitch about sucking a little dick?!" screwed up that I honestly considered this being real for a full 20 seconds."

The deception in question is a new video series from those crafty jokers called *Mini-Mocks*. These bite-size capsules, or "short documentaries for short attention spans," offer viewers "...an intimate look at the world's most eccentric humans." So far so good, right?

And like any mockumentary worth its salt, it's just believable enough to give pause. There's a profile of the world's first aquatic office (think laptops floating in a pool), a divorce photographer and cat burlesque. But one story resonated beyond anyone's expectations: BDSM food porn.

As of November, the post (Facebook.com/MiniMocksCC/) was up to 14,000 reactions and more than 75,000 shares, with over 20 million views. None of the other videos even come close to those numbers. It speaks to our deepest unspoken desires: the need to subjugate our food.

In this viral clip, a stern Asian domme, Eden, discusses her connection to food and how the former meat eater found herself in a "...nonconsensual dietary relationship with animals." Now vegan, this hardcore foodie doesn't play with her produce; she "dominates it." Eden humiliates food to "relish" the power relationship, whether it's fitting a ripe avocado with a ball gag or showing her eggplants the business end of a riding crop.

"You can almost hear this banana moaning in agony," she purrs. "And if people like jerking off to it, that's their business." It's an inspired performance we highly recommend!



THE REAL DEAL NEWS: CLIMATE SCIENTISTS URGE WORLD TO FREAK THE FUCK OUT

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND—The United Nations Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) has released a new report urging both world governments and citizens alike to "freak the fuck out." The revised report predicts catastrophic climate change as early as 2040 if the world doesn't start taxing carbon production and relying heavily on alternative sources of fuel, such as wind, solar, absolute panic and apocalyptic dread.

"It's our hope that citizens and their leaders will heed the frantic call," says lead IPCC scientist Dr. Gavin McCloud. "We're recommending that folks pull out their own hair, scream doom on street corners and generally lose their fucking minds before it's too late."

"These scientists have their own partisan political agenda," says Jacob Twombly from the Institute of Phony Objectivity. "They want to destroy business profits and save every vulnerable species on Earth from the ravages of environmental calamity. It's truly disgusting."

IPCC scientists have also urged people to curb their meat consumption, hiss and claw at their representatives like feral cats, huff paint, yell at the

moon and to recycle fossil-fuel-industry-backed think tank fellows into compost.

"They recommended what now?" says Twombly, peering nervously over his shoulder and running for his car.



DISCLAIMER: THOUGH THE TEXT ABOVE IS SATIRICAL, THE IPCC REPORT REFERENCED IS WHOLLY ACCURATE AND TO BE TAKEN VERY SERIOUSLY. FOR NEWS THAT IS WHOLLY INACCURATE, TUNE IN TO FOX & FRIENDS.

SAUDI ARABIA TO OPEN NO-KILL JOURNALIST SHELTER

After international outcry over the murder of *Washington Post* reporter and Saudi dissident Jamal Khashoggi, the royal family has announced plans to open a more humane venue for torturing adversarial journalists.

INSANE CROWD DECRIES MOB MENTALITY

At President Trump's latest Ohio rally, the vicious audience momentarily stopped demanding the extrajudicial incarceration of literally any woman mentioned to solemnly reflect on the tragically uncivil tone of Democrats.

HALLEY'S COMET TO SKIP NEXT VISIT TO EARTH

Though not scheduled until 2061, the return of Halley's Comet may be put on hold, according to sources close to the comet, until "those fucking people get their shit together."

WHITE HOUSE TAPS INTO STRATEGIC HYPOCRISY RESERVES

After railing against Democrats for colluding with Russia to affect the 2018 midterm elections, White House Press Secretary Sarah Huckabee Sanders announced the opening of strategic hypocrisy mines to meet the rising needs of Republicans.

WHITE WOMAN CALLS COPS ON BLACK LAB

In a viral video, a white woman now dubbed "KKK-9 Carol" can be seen pleading with 911 dispatchers to "save [her] from this dusky mongrel." The *Times* reports the woman has a history of calling police on Barack Obama, black holes and her own shadow.

A BRIEF RESPITE FROM HELL

In a move many are calling "kinda sad," the HUSTLER Editorial Director has temporarily warded off the agony of national politics by devouring an entire sheet pizza. She was heard to exclaim, "No pain, only pepperoni."

PRESIDENTIAL PENISES

In a think piece from September 2018, *Guardian* journalist Hadley Freeman asks the very important question of whether or not it's okay to laugh at a penis—specifically the penis belonging to bloated autocrat Donald Trump, described by HUSTLER favorite Stormy Daniels as resembling "the mushroom character in Mario Kart." The answer is yes, we can—nay, should—laugh, especially when a dick like Donald ended up with the short end of the stick, historically speaking.

Though his is not the first Presidential cock to face public scrutiny, it's certainly the most humiliating instance. Back when Bill Clinton stained that blue dress, Paula Jones, whose lawsuit set the foundation for a perjury prosecution, made headlines with talk of Little Bill's "distinguishing characteristics." By her account, the Clinton was about five inches erect, as thick as a quarter and curved for her pleasure. Not Johnny the Wadd, but definitely better than an asexual Nintendo background player.

Of course not all dicks are outed in shame.

Some are touted with pride. Apparently Lyndon Johnson delighted in telling anyone within earshot about his unusually large penis. Historian Marshall Frady noted how "...if a colleague came into a Capitol bathroom as he was finishing at the urinal there, he would sometimes swing around still holding his member, which he liked to call 'Jumbo,' hooting once, 'Have you ever seen anything as big as this?' and shaking it in almost a brandishing manner as he began discoursing about some pending legislation."

Incidentally, in her pre-grand jury Q&A, Monica Lewinsky disputed Jones' characterization of Number 42's wang. So to this day there is some question about what the Clinton cock looks like. Trump, however, does not have the luxury of that mystique—he's the President with the toadstool penis, and one day they will erect a bronze statue of his tiny little hands as a reminder to the world that despots with freak show genitalia are the greatest threat we face in the Modern Era.





SEX ON THE BEACH

With dead bodies stacking up faster than Garfield eats lasagna, city officials in Guadalajara, Mexico, decided that it might be a good idea to focus less on enforcing public decency statutes and instead channel resources towards stemming a cartel bloodbath.

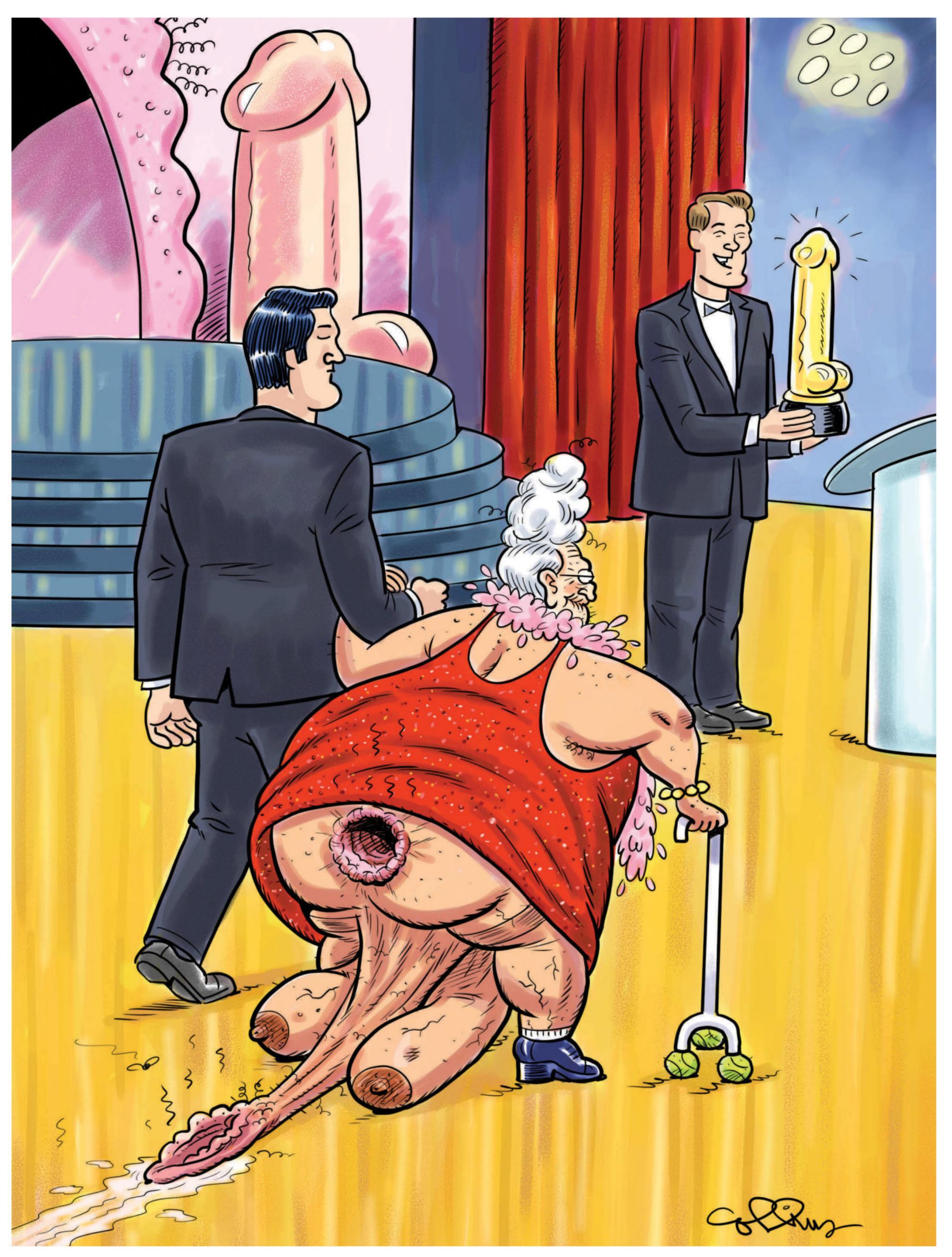
As reported by *Teen Vogue*, a recent council motion to modify municipal bylaws now makes it perfectly legal to fuck in public without fear of reprisal—sort of. Specifically, people will only face prosecution if a third-party member of the public makes a complaint about someone's sexual behavior in public while it's in progress, as per Article 14 of the Bylaws of Good Government.

The intention is to free up police so that they can devote their undivided attention to the very serious matter of drug cartel violence. Rival crime syndicates have left hundreds of corpses in their wake as police

struggle to keep up. Just last August, 20 bodies were found in unmarked graves in Guadalajara.

Speaking to Mexican newspaper *El Universal*, city council member Guadalupe Morfin Otero, the living saint responsible for this modification, said that she hopes it will discourage police from taking advantage of "people giving each other in a consensual manner." She added that college students in Guadalajara have complained of being "threatened by police with serious penalties or demands after being caught in a public sexual act."

There are no stats per se on public sex or police shakedowns thereof, but one would hope that the freedom to fuck might offer broader benefits for a region plagued by terror and violence. More sex, less crime. Makes sense to us.



"And now the Adult Video Hall of Fame Lifetime Achievement Award."























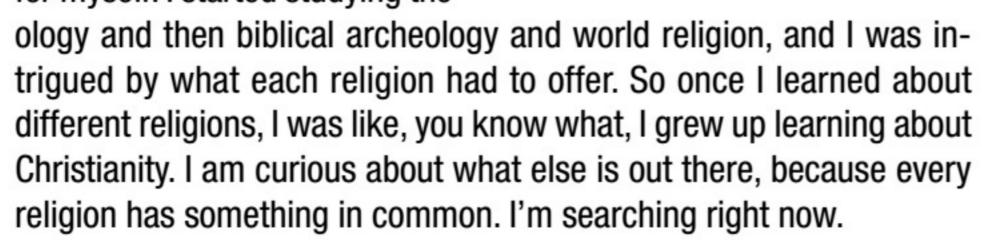






HUSTLER: You came from an intensely religious family. How was that for you?

HONEY GOLD: I wouldn't say that am against religion—just for the record, I'm not. I was homeschooled from third grade all the way through high school. It was a Christian homeschool program. Both my parents were Christians, still are. Very devout, hardcore Bible-thumpers, the kind that will jam the Bible down your throat. And I was very involved in the church my entire life. I have a background of being a Sunday school teacher, worship leader. I worked with a lot of kids from the inner city, and I helped run Vacation Bible School. I truly enjoyed it. I was definitely very committed to it. It's just, I got to a point where I wanted to explore things for myself. I started studying the-



Do you think that religion and pornography have to be at odds with each other?

I'm still discovering that for myself. I don't really know how to answer that, because growing up, masturbation is something I struggled with while I was in the church. It started at age nine, and I didn't understand my sexuality, and I was taught that it was a sin. I couldn't talk to anyone because it was considered so shameful. I don't agree with the fact that Christianity teaches that masturbation is wrong and yet they teach that you shouldn't have sex before marriage. I don't agree with the fact that porn is considered a sin. Porn has taught me how to have sex at home behind closed doors and how to be a performer. Porn has given me an outlet, instead of going to have a one-night stand. It's prevented me from getting into situations that I shouldn't be in. Religion teaches that porn is essentially a sin, masturbation is a sin, self-gratification is not a good thing. And I just don't agree with that.

I believe more in energy...that there is a higher power putting good into the universe, good thoughts, and I guess it's karma generally. But I'm still trying to figure it out.

You come from a diverse ethnic background. Do you identify with one ethnicity more than the others?

I'm half-Cantonese, black, Cherokee Indian, Mongolian and Irish. I personally don't necessarily identify with one more than the other. On camera I'm cast as ebony. But I don't identify with ebony. I feel like you have to fit into a category in the adult industry. So I go against that, and I'm like, hey, I'm a mixed kid. So I don't really pick one. I like to just celebrate the fact that I am a diverse human being.



You've shared that you've been homeless. When was that?

This was when I first ran away from home. I think I was on the brink of turning 20. I left home to make a way for myself. My parents did not want me to go to college, and I was not okay with that. I got my first job, and I was told that I had to quit and work for the family business. And when I was working for them, technically it could be classified as child labor. I thought, I can't go to college. I can't have a job. These are normal things that parents should be proud of their kids for. So I decided that I would rather run away and try to make it on my own than try to comply with their wishes, because where would that get me? It would leave me uneducated and dependent. That's not what I wanted for my life. It wasn't easy at first, because I couldn't get an apartment. I had not known about credit. I had not known about renting history, references. There's a lot. I didn't have a bank account. So it was sink or swim for me, honestly. I started sinking to the bottom, but then I figured it out really fast, because when you sleep on cold cement, that's not a feeling that you want to experience again.

Did being homeschooled make you isolated from the world?

It definitely isolated me from society. There are pros and cons to home-schooling. I feel like it really depends on what type of teacher/parent you are. My parents weren't necessarily heavily involved. I started working when I was 11. I was working by day, studying by night. It was not an ideal situation to get the most out of homeschooling. It was definitely isolating. I didn't have friends. It gave my parents a sense of control, so they got scared to even let me leave the house. That's the cons of it, but I think the pros of it is, because I was shielded from people, I was shielded from media. I was shielded from the internet. It gave me a really great sense of self. I got to develop certain character traits and an idea of who I am, free of influence, and that's something that makes all of it worth it. I love the fact that it gave me a firm sense of who I am, because who I am is me. It's not me trying to be someone else.

You had a lot of nine-to-fives between homeschooling and entering the adult industry.

Do you want to know which one I hated the most? I hate Chick-fil-A. I love their food, but I hate them. Oh, my goodness. That was the worst job I have ever had. I just didn't like the fact that out of every single place that I worked, that was the one place where people abused their power the most. But it helped me better communicate with people and grew my business skills, so I have a love-hate relationship with them. There's a lot that I learned. And their chicken nuggets are good. The Chick-fil-A sauce is *so* good.

Was it difficult to go from the isolation of homeschooling to the adult industry, where you have to create an instant intimacy?

The transition was rough. Going from homeschooling, college—and I was a complete hermit in college—to going into just working every single day, not having a social life—and then jumping into porn. I knew I wanted to do it, which overrode that fear of, *Oh, my God, I have to interact with people and have sex with them.* I wanted to do it so badly, and I knew that it was something I was generally going to be passionate about.

Do you get recognized by fans when you're out?

I'm not an Abella Danger. I'm not a Riley Reid. I'm not a Bonnie Rotten. But it's my tattoos. A lot of people recognize the tattoos, and they're so unique that they're hard to miss. So that's what gets me recognized.

Has there been a particularly awkward run-in with a fan?

Yeah, I had a bad one. I'm down-to-earth. I still love taking the Metro. I love walking places. It's simple things that make me happy. So I like to take Lyft Line, and you know, you ride with other people. It's fun sometimes.

Well, I made the mistake of getting in a Lyft Line when I was having a terrible day, and I was just ranting and ranting and ranting, spilling my guts to my sister-in-law. It was about something bad that had happened on set. I was so mad, it was offensive. By the time the ride's over, this guy who was sitting next to me the entire time turns to me and says, "You're Honey Gold, and I just wanted to say I'm a really huge fan." My jaw just dropped. I was like, you have got to be kidding me! Twenty-five minutes of ranting, and this guy knows who I am. And I had to see him again, a couple of months later, during a bus ride.

Oh, God. Were you in a better mood that day?

I was, I was. I was getting an Xbox.

You mentioned your tattoos. Is there any one tattoo that is of particular significance to you?

They are all significant. My favorite is this one [points to right shoulder]. This is Latin, *non sum qualis eram*. It means, I am not what I once was. It is a constant reminder that I'm growing and changing as a person, that the person I was yesterday is not the person I'm going to be today. It's common sense, but it's a constant reminder to me that I need to learn and grow and evolve as a person.

Nature seems to be a theme with your ink.

Yeah. I love roses. I actually have a rose on my neck. The color red is such a violent, passionate color, and the whole concept of a rose—the rose and the thorns—is absolutely beautiful, because sometimes I feel like that's me. I'm this beautiful rose that has all these thorns. I'd say I've got layers, like an onion.

Let's talk about your first porn scene. Were you nervous?

I was terrified. I honestly got to a moment where I was like, "What am I doing here? This is really happening? No, this is not happening." I just had this >>







dialogue going back and forth in my head, and I was stuck for like about ten minutes. Finally I expressed that to Small Hands and Joanna [Angel]: "This is new for me. I haven't been in porn for very long. This is your husband, and I'm going to have sex with him today." She was like, "Honey, this is nothing. We do this all the time. It's okay."

By the time I finally had to shoot my scene, I still thought I was going to die. I was absolutely terrified. But that's the moment I became Honey Gold. And this is something that I use now every time I perform, because I am nervous before every single scene. I was nervous, freaking out, absolutely just terrified of, *What if I suck?* But the moment that they said, "Action," that's when I got my first taste of who Honey Gold was on camera. I switched, blocked everything out, and this monster inside of me came out. It was like, I'm going to honestly just ride the crap out of this man. Every single carnal desire that I had poured out, and I let them take control. As soon as I finish a scene, all of that goes back into a box, which is why my personality is so different from my on-camera personality. It's part of me, but I keep it tucked away until I need it.

What about your most awkward on-set moment?

I farted in two people's mouths. Yeah. Someone was going down on me, and I was enjoying it. Literally I got so comfortable, was enjoying it so much, I came and farted in their mouth. So that happened when I was receiving oral, and another time it happened because, I guess, I had eaten a burrito before my scene. I just started dying. That was really hilarious to me, because no matter how many adult movies I'm in, I will never get over farting. It's one of the single most embarrassing things. It may sound cute, but they're deadly. Farts are deadly. So in those situations I just started crying, I was laughing so hard. Only in porn.

Let's talk about your personal sex life. Is there a type of guy you like?

I finally realized I have a type, recently. I really like Latin men. And if it's not Latin men, I like guys who are mixed, like myself. I feel like they're so exotic.

Are women on the menu in your personal life?

Yes. I'm not what people call gay for pay. I am genuinely bisexual, and a lot of people tend to wonder, when I tell them, "What are you? Are you like the masculine one or the feminine one?" I think it's a rude question, but I understand it. They always accuse me of being the masculine one, because I look so hardcore with my tattoos and whatnot. No, I am really attracted to a little bit more masculine-looking females. When I see a really hot female, with like a buzz cut or a really nice crew neck and some jeans and denims on, I'm just like, *Come to mama*. I'm a 60-40. I'm 60% women, 40% men.

Do you find advantages to dating women?

I like the connection that I get with a female a lot more. Oddly enough, I get a better sense of security, better communication and someone who's a little bit more attentive to my emotional needs when I date women. When I date men, I get the same thing, but sometimes it's like pulling teeth. With guys, I like the masculinity. I like the sense of protection, and there's something nice about feeling like you belong to a man: "That's my man." Not only that, it's the physical aesthetics and balls—that's kind of important.

It's food-truck night in Marina del Rey, and Honey Gold is on fire. Or at least her mouth is, thanks to a taco smothered in hot sauce. "That's actually really hot," Gold exclaims, fanning her mouth with her hand in an effort to diminish the heat. Luckily it's nothing a little ice cream can't fix. This, mind you, is on top of a lobster roll that Gold devoured just minutes before. She is clearly a dedicated gourmand.

You've mentioned that you're a bit of a foodie.

Oh, I love food. I do have to work out twice as hard, to eat how much I eat.

What's your go-to cuisine?

It changes all the time, but right now it's tamales. I like to go to the Farmers' Market on Sunday, and there's this stand that makes really good tamales. I never go to someone who makes tamales and tortas and burritos. If you're going to make tamales, you have to specialize in just tamales. Pardon my language, but when it comes to tamales, my motto is never trust a bitch who makes tamales and burritos.

What's the weirdest food you've ever eaten?

The weirdest thing I've ever had is camel candy. It's a ball of condensed jerky that's supposed to be candy. Not only does it taste terrible, but this camel candy, Asian camel candy, had camel hair in it! That was just hands down the most disgusting thing I have ever had. Yeah, I would rather drink detergent before eating that again.

You're pretty active on Twitter.

Sometimes too active.

Yeah?

I'm one of those, sometimes.

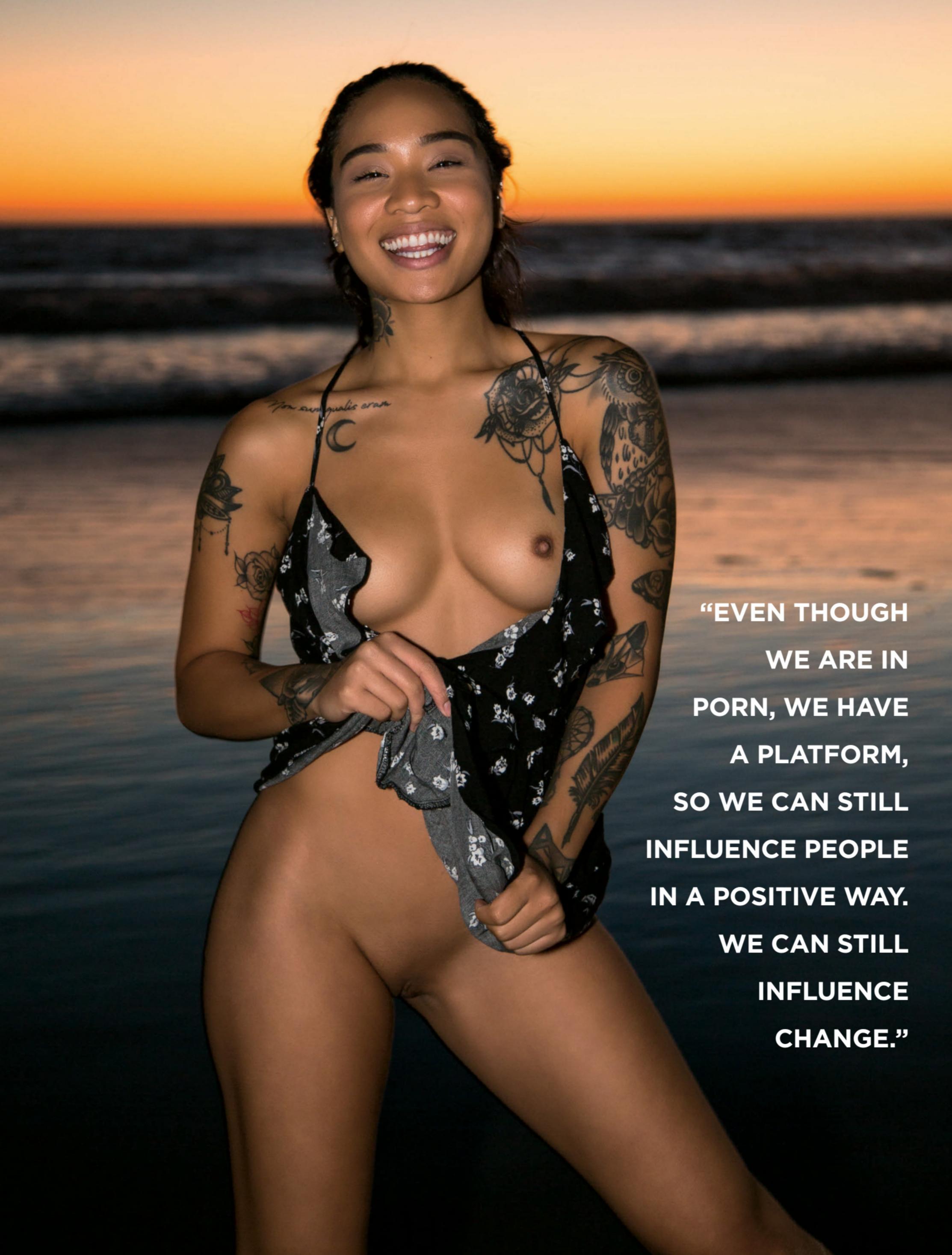
What's your worst case of oversharing?

We all have moments. I think we—and I say "we" as in performers, even directors—have moments where we just say too much. It's not that we're saying anything bad, but sometimes we all tend to overshare. I don't think your pooping habits should be shared on social media, and I've done that. But also sometimes I have a really, really, really bad day. I'm super busy, and you know those moments when you have no one to talk to, so you're like, Why don't I just put it on social media? Someone will see it. Someone will acknowledge my pain. And then, Oops, shouldn't have done that.

Overall would you say your interaction with people on social media is positive or negative?

Well, looking at the feedback I have received, people say that I'm very open, that I'm very real and genuine. Those are words that I appreciate people using. Whether it's social media or in person, I'm always going to stay true to who I am. So my social media is a reflection of that, and obviously some days I have darker days. I don't act like everything is peaches and cream 24/7, because it's not. This is life. We go through ups and downs, and I'm very open about it. I've generally made a very loyal fan base because of my transparency.

I'm open about topics that a lot of people try to shy away from: anxiety, depression, eating disorders. I've even gone so far as to address self-harm, because these are all things people deal with, and I feel >>



like people in the adult industry forget that even though we are in porn, we have a platform, so we can still influence people in a positive way. We can still influence change. We're not just fuck machines. We have power to inspire people. We can do that simply by being ourselves. I've gotten so many people who've messaged me, and they're like, "You've been open about the things that you struggle with in your life, and this has helped me."

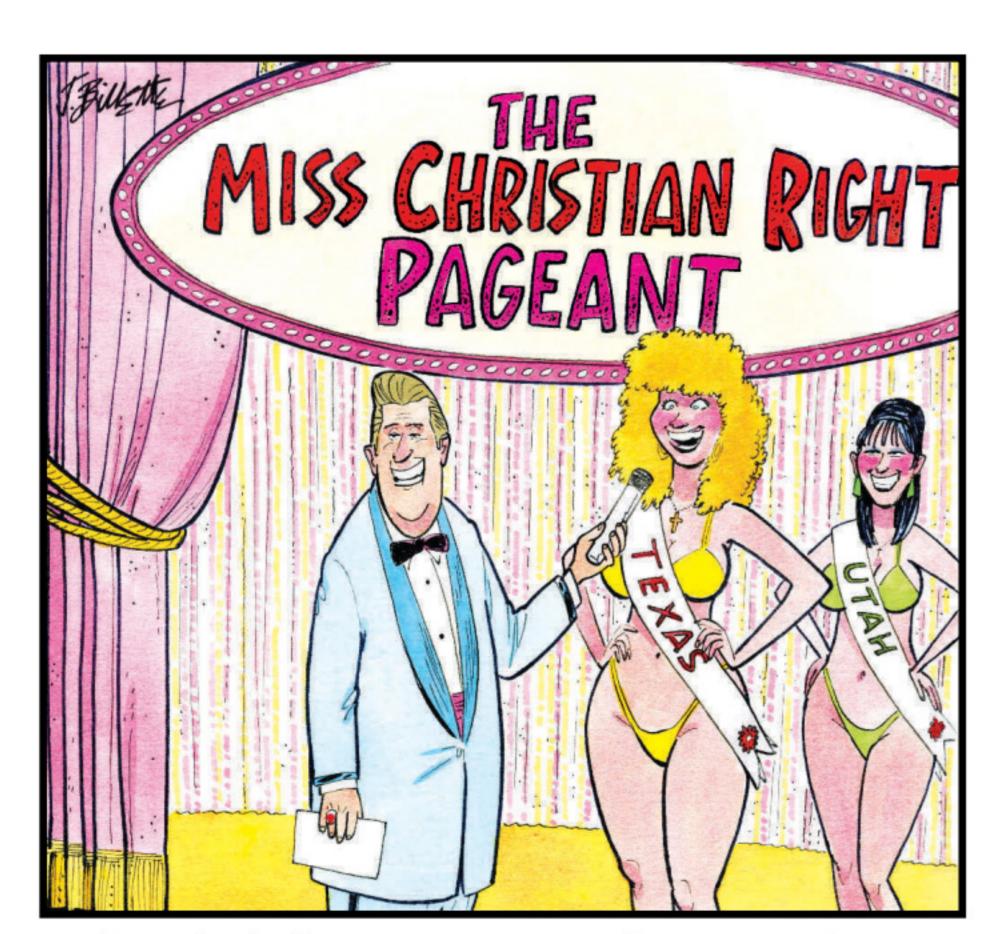
So what do you do when you're not performing or on social media?

When I'm not on set, as a 25-year-old, I've kind of hit a phase where I'm coming into a lot of things. I'm on my own personal journey when it comes to discovering spirituality and discovering my sexuality. There's a lot I haven't done, due to being so sheltered and then just jumping right into porn and working and working. I'm now finally taking the time to really discover the things that I like to do. I started pursuing a social life, you know, going out to lunch with people or going to Six Flags. Before I couldn't do that, because my anxiety would always get in the way. I used to always feel like I wasn't cool enough; I'm too nerdy or awkward. And now I've come to peace with the fact that, okay, I'm kind of nerdy, I'm kind of awkward, but that's just who I am.

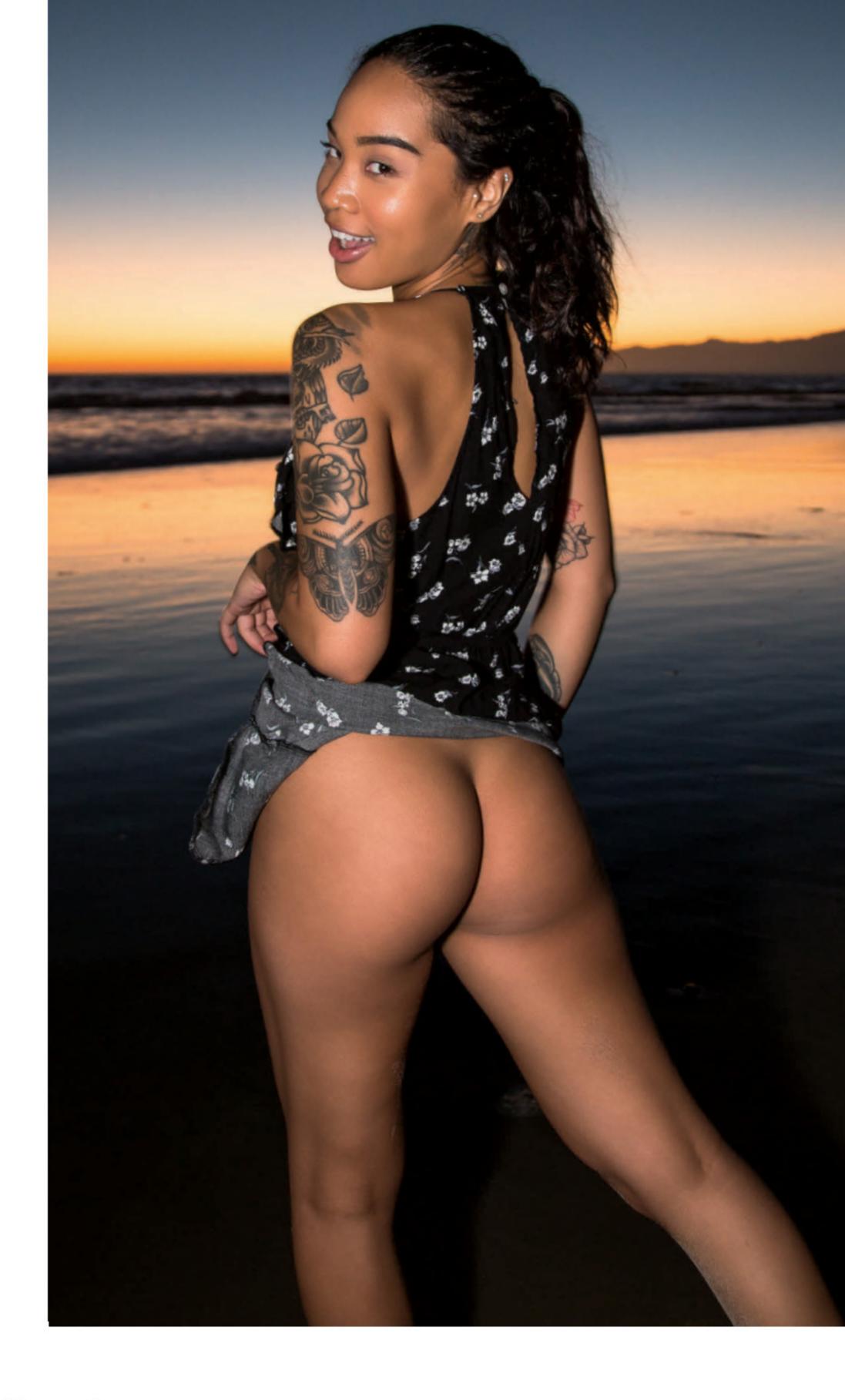
What else?

Guitar, that is one thing I'm genuinely passionate about, and I just bought myself my dream guitar. I always wanted a Taylor, so I got one of the Minis, and I'm learning how to play the cajón. Do you know what that is? It's like a box. It's a percussion instrument with a circle cut in the back, and you sit on it and beat it. It's super cool. I'm very much into anything that is a form of expression, whether it's music or art or cooking. I love to cook. Music, painting. I'm not a good painter, but I use it as an outlet, a form of expression. And reading. I love reading. I was such a nerd growing up that I would honestly read the encyclopedia and dictionary.

I've finally gotten to a place where I realize I need to slow down. I can't just fuck my life away. I need to have a balance, because I'm only 25. I'm still developing. It affects my performances.



"...and I believe Jesus wants homosexuals to burn in hell! Democrats too!"



How so?

I got to the point where I was burnt out. It was actually my agent who told me, "You're going to take a minimum of two days off a week. You're going to have vacation time. You're going to start taking care of yourself and doing things that are fun." And that's a good agent. So that's when I started actually getting back into things that I love, and it's definitely improved my performances, because I'm happier. I'm more inspired. It's crazy what can inspire you to have a better performance, whether it's a book, poetry...

Where do you see your adult career going in the future?

I'm just going to try to take it day by day. I don't know what I could possibly do beyond what I've already done, because I don't know what opportunities I qualify for. I didn't think I qualified for 70% of the opportunities I've had now. So I don't know what to expect. I'm just going to continue doing the very best that I can do, every set that I go to, every time that I'm on camera. At least I can sleep at night knowing I did that. The rest is out of my hands.

Follow the incomparable Ms. Gold—named 2018 Best New Starlet by XBIZ—on social media @HoneyGoldXX.





























KRISTEN LIU-WOLLEN THE FINE ART OF NUDIE CARDS

The golden age of porn gets a millennial makeover from Los Angeles-based artist Kristen Liu-Wong, who has made it her personal mission to recreate a collector's deck of **HUSTLER** cards from the '90s. Join us for a tour inside her brightly colored world of BDSM and erotic nostalgia.



INTERVIEW BY KELLY WEBB

HUSTLER: So first things first, where did you find these vintage HUSTLER cards?

KRISTEN LIU-WONG: They're actually my boyfriend's. He found them when he went to some random casino with his brother, but I commandeered them for my own purposes 'cause they're so cool. It's just great that on [the back of] every single card it gives a little blurb about each lady.

Do you have a favorite blurb?

I mean, they're all so good 'cause they're dirty too. One of my favorite ones is about Irina. It says, "'I think a little bondage can be a healthy thing,' confided sultry Irina, 'as long as it's done in good fun,'" which I agree with. "There's not much this brazen beauty won't do in the pursuit of great sex." They're all so greased up and tan—I think this was when it was pretty in to be tan, like before skin cancer was a huge thing.

How many have you done so far?

Let's see, this year I think I've done around ten. Maybe. But there are 100 cards, so it's going to be quite awhile before I get through the whole deck. Ultimately I'd like to be able to do a book where I have the card on one page and my painting on the other. So far I've just been choosing the best cards, the cards that I really like, that strike my fancy, but eventually I would like to do all of them because I think it'd be fun as an entire project. And then, who knows, maybe even make that into a deck itself.

How long does it take you to interpret one card?

They're always on a six-by-six wood panel, so they're actually pretty small. The cards usually only take me probably five days from start to finish.

Is there something about the vintage '90s stuff that you like more than today's porn?

I don't honestly look at much porn to masturbate. I look at it more for aesthetic reasons. I kind of like the more dated porn or the weirder stuff. They all have such great hair and styling. And I usually try to give the pieces my own twist so they're a little more modern or futuristic, but I definitely still keep some of

the things. There's this one I did—I think it's for Brittany; she was this blonde with a fan between her legs—and I was like, "That's such a good fan, I'm going to keep the fan there." Or the tan lines are really good, so I'll keep the tan lines in the painting.

You add a lot of fun details, like wild animals, a weed pipe or an Astro Pop.

Some of the pieces are more personal to me, so that's why I'll add those personal touches. I kind of want to push these cards a little past porn for guys and make it almost like a portrait of a woman pleasuring herself, as opposed to mass porn for men. That's why I'll add the personal touches, because they're like her belongings. They tell a little bit more about who she is or what's turning her on. A snapshot of just her enjoying herself, you know.

Other than the HUSTLER cards, has XXX imagery influenced your work?

Oh, yeah. Definitely. One of my favorite erotica paintings that I made was a piece called Squeeze Your Nipples, named after a Gucci Mane

lyric. My sister kept singing that Gucci Mane song while I was painting it, and I was actually inspired by the South Korean film *The Handmaiden*, which is really amazing and has some great imagery. So I'll look at movies too. I'll look at vintage porn besides HUSTLER. I'll look at pictures of ladies wrestling. >>

Are any of the crazy sex scenarios in your original pieces based on real-life experiences? Or just fantasy?

Some of them are loosely based on things I've done or thought of. Recently I've been painting erotica that is more introspective, I guess, because it's masturbating. When I first started out, I did one painting about this crazy Bushwick party I went to when I was in college where there was this Hasidic Jew being whipped and licking some domme's palms. Another painting kind of based on real life was this one where a girl is sitting on a guy's face. That was kind of based on this weird night I had with this one dude with a pencil prick. [Laughs.]

Are you in the BDSM scene? Or is it just something you like to make art about?

I definitely wouldn't consider myself part of the scene...like I don't know all the rules. It just fascinates me. I'm interested in it, so I've dabbled, but I mean, who knows? You get older, and your tastes expand and stuff. For now, I'm just a very interested person, and I like learning about different ways that people have sex. I think it's important. I probably wouldn't ever do the full on, you know...what's the one where they use Saran wrap? Like mummifying? That seems a little extreme to me.

How do galleries react to your more explicit content?

the wall. They love bondage shit, explicit stuff. If you want it to be violent, they don't care, so I'll save pieces like that for working with galleries like them. Some galleries are a lot more bougie—they'll have more conservative collectors, and they only want really big pieces too.

Do you think your work has gotten more or less sexual over the years?

It's gotten more sexual, but possibly less explicit, if that makes sense? Before I used to worry about making girls that were too sexy looking. I didn't want to be put into that category of, like, "Oh, she makes pretty pictures." Not that there's anything wrong with that, but I just wanted to make art that I felt was edgier. I think I've grown more comfortable with my own sexuality and with the women I paint being sexy. I think they're still kind of creepy looking. I wouldn't ever want them to be perfectly beautiful, because that's not what I'm trying to convey with my human figures. They've gotten sexier but less vulgar. Maybe they'll get really vulgar again. Who knows what I'll feel like.

Do you have a favorite porn star?

No. Probably not. I really like the way Asa Akira looks, but I haven't ever seen her perform. I feel kind of like a poser saying she's my favorite. I don't actually watch that much porn. Maybe I should, but I'm just like in my own imagination. One of the few porns I've seen all the way through is *Debbie Does Dallas*. That one's so good. I kind of like Recently I worked with Superchief, and they're all like really balls to the vintage look, and the thing with the candles is weird, and they're supposed to be teenagers, but because it's really old, they all look like 40, which I think is hilarious.



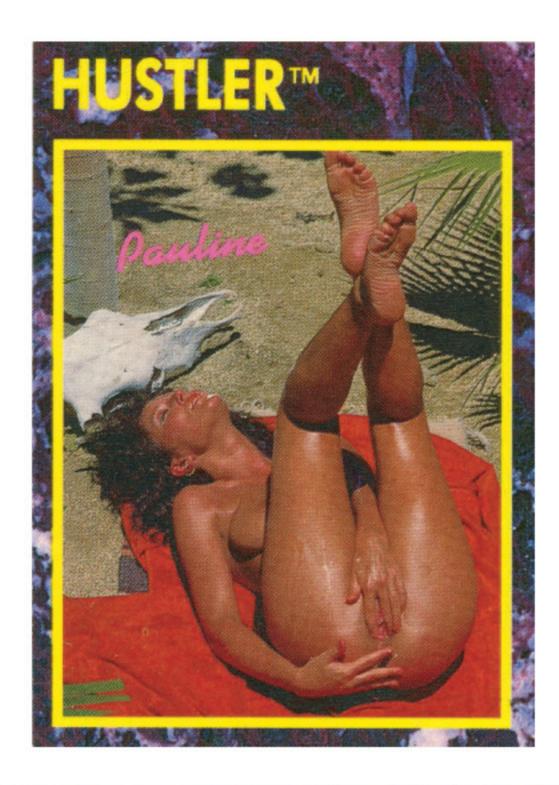


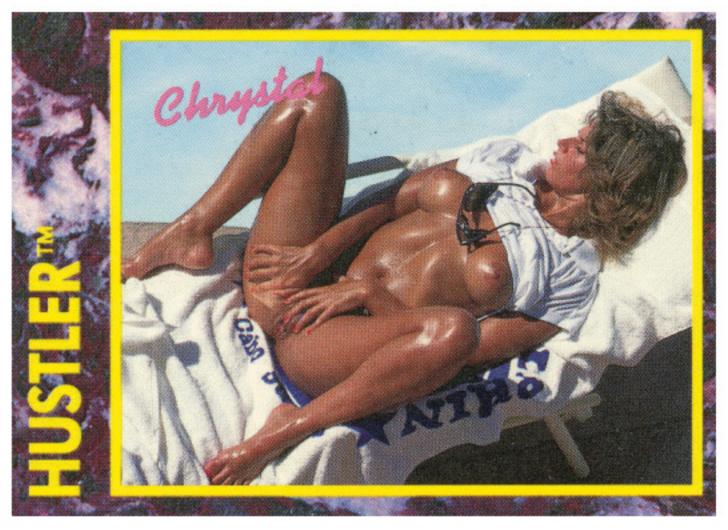
If you were to direct a porn photoshoot, what would your setup be?

I've been into pink marble lately, so I think it'd be something really lux. And I don't even like fur, but there would definitely be a lot of fur. I don't agree with fur, but I do like the way it looks, and I like the way it conveys this air of almost brutality, you know? Because you had to skin the animal to get it, so there's something a little animalistic when you see it sitting there. I think vintage fur is fine, because the animal's been dead for like 100 years. You're not getting that back. There'd be lots of fur and marble everywhere. I feel like orgies are hard in real life, but because it's porn, I'd probably try to make an orgy work. You know? Since they're all professionals. [Laughs.]

I also read that you're a big true crime fan. What do you think about serial killer art?

I wouldn't ever collect it or buy because I think that stuff is like bad juju, but I will say that some of them are more talented than you would expect. Some of it's aesthetically cool-looking. But I think they're horrible humans. I would never get their work because that would be like supporting them. Actually, when I was in high school and I wasn't sure how my art career would work out, I loved the way prisoners' art looked, their aesthetic. It's kind of like folk art, like an untrained approach. So for a while I thought, Maybe I could teach art in prison if I can't get my own career going. >>









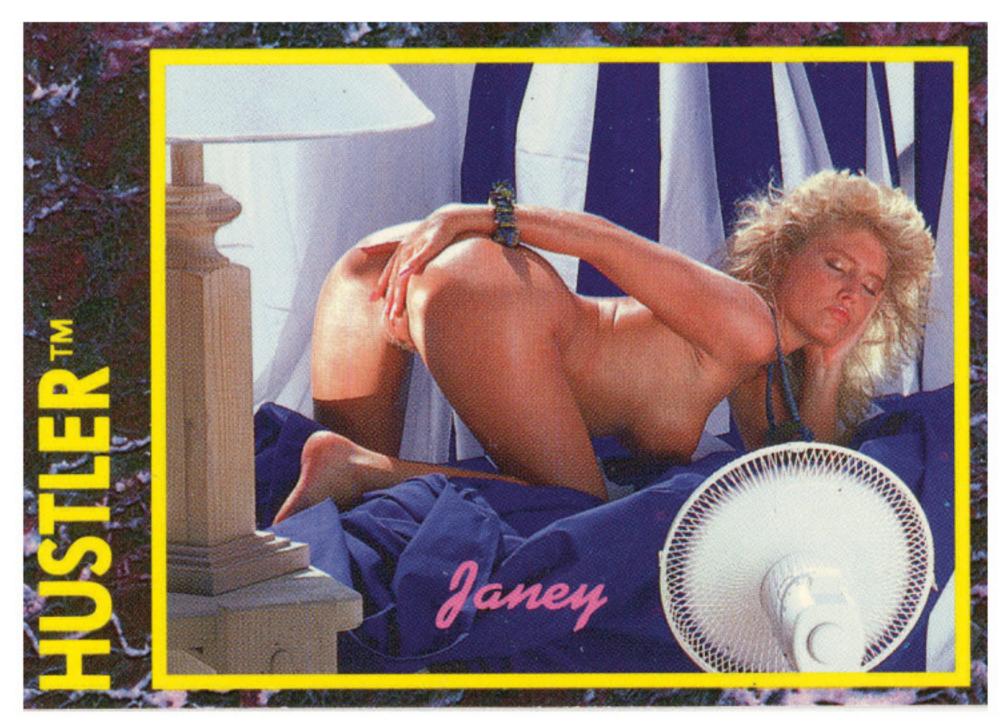


Where can we see your work?

Well, I'm going to be painting a mural in Superchief [Los Angeles], a large panel thing in-gallery. I'm going to do like a four-foot-by-six-foot panel, and then, if I have extra time, I'll paint around the walls too, but we'll see how fast I go.

I'm doing a show in Mexico City with Hellion Gallery, the *Taller del diablo* show. They're shipping each artist a cartonería, which is like a paper mache little demon figurine that's made by this family who's been making it for generations. We're each painting one, so that should be really fun. That will be opening in December.

See more of Kristen's art at www.KristenLiuArt.com and follow her on Instagram @KLiuWong.







"What are my intentions? Sir, your daughter is the neighborhood slut.

So what do you think my intentions are?"



































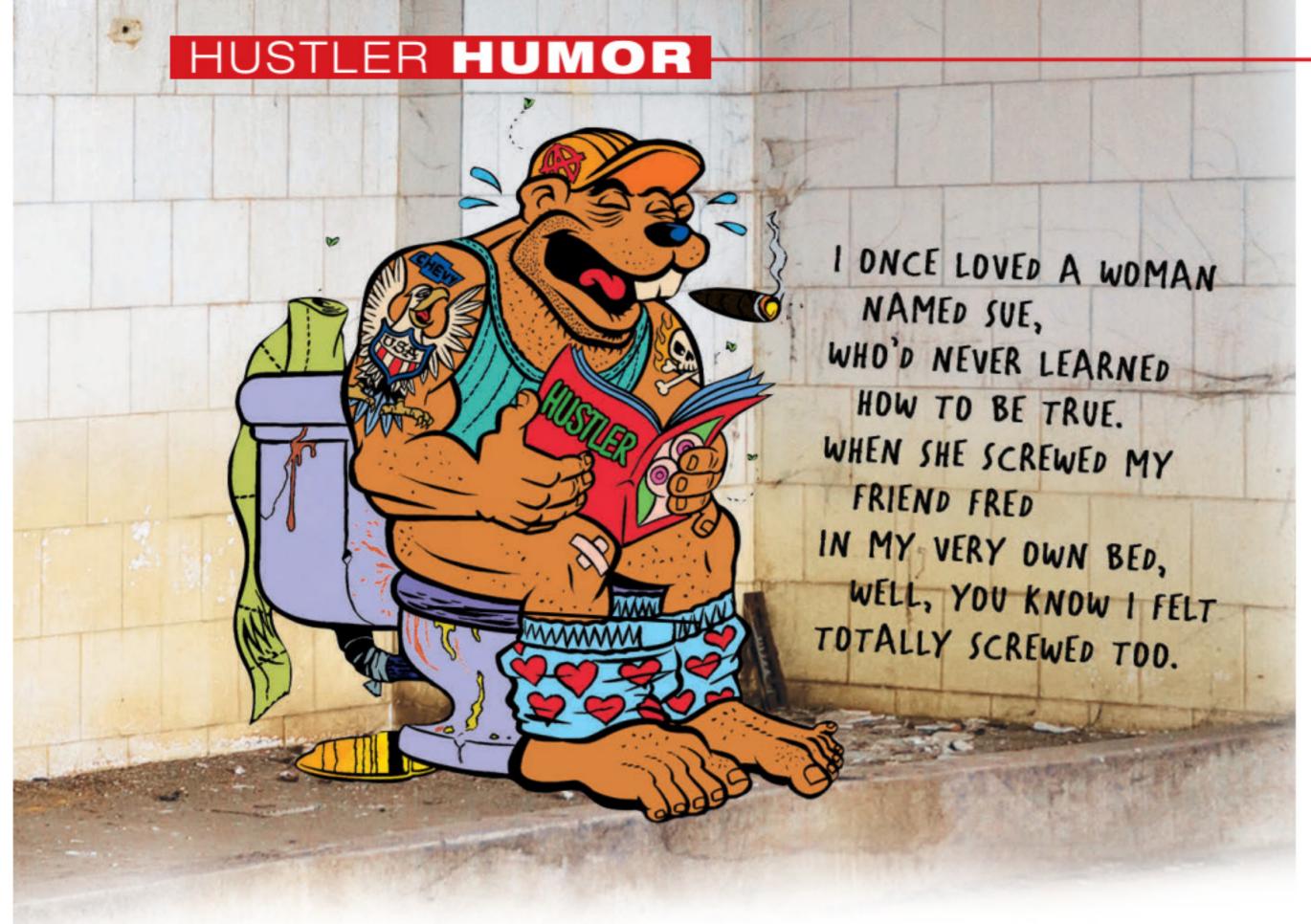












doctors were in a hospital hall-way one day complaining about Nurse Jenny. "She's incredibly dumb," one doc grumbled. "She does everything totally backwards. Last week I told her to give a patient two milligrams of Percocet every ten hours. She gave him ten milligrams every two hours. He nearly died!"

"That's nothing!" the second doctor exclaimed. "Yesterday I told Nurse Jenny to give a patient an enema every 24 hours. She tried to give him 24 enemas in one hour!"

Suddenly the two doctors heard a blood-curdling scream from down the hall. "Oh, my God!" the first doctor shrieked. "I just remembered, I told Nurse Jenny to prick Mr. Smith's boil."

Question: How do we know that God likes women better than men?

Answer: Multiple orgasms.

A HUSTLER reader sent us an interesting observation: "I just watched a documentary on marijuana. I think *all* documentaries should be watched that way."

HUSTLER Wisdom: When life hands you lemons, find someone with tequila and salt!

Charlie was watching TV when his wife walked up from behind and smacked him on the back of the head with a frying pan. "What was that for?!" Charlie grunted.

His wife explained, "I found a piece of paper with Betty Sue written on it."

"Jeez, honey," Charlie sighed. "Remember last week when I went to the track?

Betty Sue was the horse that I went there to bet on."

His wife shrugged and walked away.

A couple of days later Charlie was reading the newspaper when his wife again snuck up from behind and whacked him on the noggin with the frying pan. "What was that for?!" Charlie asked.

His wife snarled, "Your horse just sent you a text!"

Question: What's the difference between baseball and politics?

Answer: In baseball you're out when you get caught stealing.

Three old women were sitting on a park bench when a man suddenly jumped out and flashed them. Two of the biddies immediately had a stroke. The other one couldn't quite reach.

Question: What do you call having sex with a woman when she's ovulating?

Answer: A lesson in fertility.

A new priest, Father Brian, was nervous about hearing confessions, so he asked an older priest, Father Dennis, to sit in on his first sessions. After Father Brian heard several confessions, Father Dennis asked him to step out of the confessional booth for a few pointers. "Cross your arms over your chest and rub your chin with one hand," he suggested.

Father Brian tried out the gesture, and his mentor was pleased. Father Dennis then suggested, "Try saying things like 'I understand' and 'How did you feel about that?'"

After Father Brian repeated these words, Father Dennis nodded approvingly and said, "Now don't you think that's a little more appropriate than slapping your knee and crying out, 'No shit! So what happened next?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!





III SANASA EL MANASA EL MA

Rich Vos was the first white guy on Russell Simmons' Def Comedy Jam and took a star turn or three on Last Comic Standing. Bonnie McFarlane wrote and directed the film Women Aren't Funny, penned the book You're Better Than Me and was booted off Last Comic Standing for a cunt joke. Today Rich tours regularly while Bonnie does stand-up and writes scripts and TV shows, and together they host the hilarious podcast My Wife Hates Me. During a recent threeway (phone call) with HUSTLER, the married comedians talked anything-goes roasts, the beauty of belligerence and who the real headliner is in their household.

HUSTLER: It's good to interview people who can't be offended.

BONNIE McFARLANE: Oh, no, there are topics that could offend him. I'm just gonna wait to see if you fall into the trap. RICH VOS: I'm offended that you say I get offended! BONNIE: Do you want me to say what you get offended by?

I do.

BONNIE: Jew stuff. Any kind of—

RICH: Oh, anti-Semitic stuff, yeah, 'cause-

BONNIE: Okay, there you go!

RICH: I don't get offended, but I'm tired of Jews getting blamed for everything the WASP has done throughout history.

What about you, Bonnie? Do you have a hot-button topic?

BONNIE: No.

RICH: Oh, really? Really? >>





Tell me, Rich.

BONNIE: I don't, but if people make jokes about mentally handicapped people, I think they're assholes.

RICH: Bonnie's sister is mentally handicapped. And maybe Bonnie is a little bit too.

BONNIE: I just think anyone who makes fun of someone who can't defend themselves is a jerk.

RICH: That's not the only thing that offends Bonnie. I'm not gonna get into it, 'cause I'm not a snitch like her—

BONNIE: I'm offended by snitches!

Okay, on to the *Vos Roast* that celebrated Rich's 60th birthday. It was so funny, but was I the only person who felt bad for Jim Florentine?

BONNIE: No, people did. At one point I was sitting next to Jim, and I started to feel bad for him. I kind of put my hand on him and patted his leg, but then I was like, What am I doing? It's a roast!

All that stuff about his dead girlfriend or the wife who left him for a 20-year-old cop?

RICH: Jim doesn't get offended pretty much by anything. And like Bonnie said, once you put yourself in the position to be on a roast, you gotta know people are gonna come at you for whatever weakness you BONNIE: We've got grit!

Tough question: Who's the headliner in your household?

RICH: Wait a sec, real quick. I don't want to cut you off, but— [Bonnie laughs.] About the roast, I think you would ask—

BONNIE: You're giving yourself questions now?

RICH: Yeah, I think you would ask, "Vos, were you nervous going up after all those heavy hitters? When they all killed, how'd you feel about that?" BONNIE: Yeah, because if there's one thing I can say about HUSTLER, they wanna know your feelings!

RICH: I'm just saying, it was scary, and to do as well as I did was quite the accomplishment.

Rich, I'm impressed with your self-confidence.

RICH: I might have low self-esteem on the inside, but on the outside I'm very confident. I've been doing this for 34 years, so with all my accomplishments, I should be confident, from *Rosie O'Donnell* to *Def Jam*, hosting Woodstock '99, doing the Apollo and BET and *The View*. I've done so many, but I do get nervous every time I go onstage, at least until I get the first laugh. And Bonnie is great on like late-night TV shows. She's done 3 *Lettermans*, *Colbert*; she just did *Fallon* and crushed. And she's great at that, but we have different fortes in this

"WE CAN SAY ANYTHING TO EACH OTHER AND WE BUT IN GENERAL THE STUFF WE SAY TO EACH OTHER

have. It's not a toast; it's a roast.

BONNIE: It's like when you sit around with your family at dinner. You make fun of them for things they did two summers ago; that's the way a real roast is. There's a mean quality about it, but sometimes that's how people show affection by, like, poking at each other.

Even I had to cringe when Bonnie said she hated Jim Norton's radio show so much that she'd rather hear the sound of her own daughter drowning.

BONNIE: Yes, and I stand by that.

Doesn't that joke give you pause?

BONNIE: No, it doesn't give me pause because I don't think your words can affect stuff. That's kind of magical thinking. If I could affect stuff with words, I'd really turn it all around for myself.

During the roast, Rich, you asked Bonnie, "Who'd you have to fuck to get this gig?" And Bonnie, you were talking about your friend who'd had a stroke and said, "If only Vos could get half as hard as his right hand." Is that how you guys talk in real life?

BONNIE: Yeah, we do roast jokes right until we start to have sex. RICH: And then after it. Bonnie was saying the other day that what's great about our podcast—and our life—is we can say anything to each other and we won't get upset. An argument is different, but in general the stuff we say to each other would make most couples divorce within a week.

business. She doesn't get nervous for that, but I would have a meltdown if I had to do those shows.

BONNIE: I get nervous.

RICH: Not as nervous as I would get.

BONNIE: Okay, you win.

RICH: No, I'm just saying...I don't know what I'm saying.

BONNIE: I don't know what you're saying either. I feel like there's a compliment in there, but there's also something underneath that I'm supposed to be really gathering, like, oh, you're better at the live show. Is that what you're saying?

RICH: No, not at all. When you love somebody, you can't compare! You can't compare Picasso to Rembrandt! I'm saying she's better at one forte, and we're both great at the other.

BONNIE: Interesting way you put that.

It is interesting. And confusing.

BONNIE: You never really know what he's saying.

The original question was who's the headliner in your house?

RICH: We have two headliners! It's like if The Who and Led Zeppelin lived together, or The Temptations and The Supremes. [Bonnie laughs.] I might be a little older than many people, so—

BONNIE: The Beatles and The Rolling Stones!

RICH: You know what I'm saying. If Rodney Dangerfield and Don Rickles lived together... Uh, Bonnie's a much better writer—

BONNIE: Oh, God, another one of those! I hurt for your brain! Your brain

is just scrambling. I can see you scrambling for words to say the thing you want to say, but if it gets that complicated, just stop talking! RICH: Uh, I, uh—

BONNIE: Let someone else answer the question if you can't. You're trying to figure out how to say "I'm the headliner in the house."

RICH: No!

BONNIE: You wanna say, "I'm the better performer onstage than Bonnie." That wouldn't be bad to say, since you've been doing it so much longer. RICH: I said we were both headliners.

BONNIE: I know you said that, but then you just kept *talking*. That's the problem right there.

RICH: Okay, but he got his answer, right?

BONNIE: Did he?

This all leads to my next question: Any jealousy between you two?

[Silence.]

RICH: Hello, Bonnie? Are you there?

BONNIE: What, Rich, you're not gonna jump in on that one? You gonna scramble around with that one again, or do you want me to answer? Okay. Well, I do get a lot of work in the industry right now, but I happen to be a woman, and it's a woman's time right now. But that doesn't mean Rich isn't a fantastic, amazing artist too. He's not as good at writ-

BONNIE: I do appreciate that I get to be the positive one in the relationship, and I don't know if that would happen with any other person on the planet. I go through depression a lot, and I look to go on a really negative tear for like an hour, being mean about everything, and it doesn't affect Rich at all. He doesn't go, "Hey, come on." He's into it. He's like, "Finally, someone who thinks like I do!"

RICH: What else brings me and Bonnie close together is when we have the same enemy.

BONNIE: A common enemy!

Like who?

RICH: I don't know. I don't want to get into other comics. That makes no sense.

BONNIE: You don't have to answer every question he asks, Rich.

RICH: I'm not.

BONNIE: Well, you were thinking of somebody to say.

RICH: I would never say someone's name in an article. Are you crazy?

What's wrong with the comedy world today?

BONNIE: It's really hard to do comedy when we're expected to bat a thousand. There's no room for failure. It used to be fun to do stand-up, but now it's a joke-by-joke world. No one takes you as a whole. Even

WON'T GET UPSET. AN ARGUMENT IS DIFFERENT, WOULD MAKE MOST COUPLES DIVORCE WITHIN A WEEK."

ing. He doesn't put things down on paper very good, but in his brain he's equally as genius as I am.

RICH: Uh, look, Bonnie is— BONNIE: Stop! Just, stop.

Rich, tell me what you first thought about Bonnie.

RICH: I don't know, it was so cool, uh, the first time we kinda fooled around—

BONNIE: Stop!

Don't stop!

RICH: She didn't hang around. She left, which was great. She came over to this hotel in L.A. We went to the pool. We fooled around. She'd forgotten her soda by the pool, and I went and got it for her, and that really impressed her. I'm like, "Who the fuck have you been dating before this?" BONNIE: And that's the last nice thing he ever did for me! [Laughs.] But then I said, "Oh, my car is parked illegally. I gotta go!" And I was like whew and got out of there.

RICH: Yeah, and then I had the rest of the day to do important stuff. BONNIE: Well, I had another date too.

RICH: Really? Anyhow, she was so much fun, and no one ever made me laugh that much. She got me. She was just real cool.

Bonnie, at the end of your book you wrote you were glad that in Rich you found someone who looked at the world in the same belligerent manner.

the comedians who have huge followings and are known as openminded, liberal people, they get in trouble. It used to be they understood you were a good person and you were joking, and now they don't care if you're joking. You're just held to this standard where it's impossible to be creative, so you end up with people talking about the same shit over and over and over.

Bonnie, I saw you do a rape joke at the Slipper Room recently, and I swear the older people laughed, but the younger ones didn't.

RICH: Oh, yeah! Well, Bonnie, go ahead; he asked you.

BONNIE: It's not that younger kids don't like those jokes. I'm telling you, people under 25 don't get a lot of shit. I started thinking about this really seriously, and I think about myself at 21, 22, 23. I would go to movies, and I'd pretend to like them, but I didn't really understand them at all. They're just kids, so they don't understand a lot of shit that's going on. I think they use the clues available to them, and if they hear the word *rape*, they're like, "I know I'm not supposed to like that," so they don't. I think they just don't get the joke, but by the time they're 26, they probably do.

RICH: Yeah, that magic number—once you get to 26...

BONNIE: I'm just saying you start to have different views.

RICH: I agree. But in this politically correct society I still see older people who get offended by a certain word because they think they're supposed to get mad at it.

BONNIE: One of the things I find astonishing in stand-up is that you can say the word *pussy*, let's say, onstage, and the audience will >>

go "Oooooo." A lot of the times they'll act like they never fucking heard the word *pussy* before, but I know they've heard it. I know they have HBO. I know they've binged Netflix. I should be able to stand up there and talk about anal for an hour and a half and not have anybody flinch. They're watching *Game of Thrones*, with full-on rapes. But they're in a comedy club, and they're suddenly all "Oooooooo!" like they just got off a stagecoach or something.

RICH: With the frilly umbrella, wearing a bonnet!

Speaking of pussies, Bonnie, tell me your infamous "cunt" joke from *Last Comic Standing*.

BONNIE: That was a good joke! It was like: Some women get offended if

of being cutthroat. We were fucking around on the first season, teaming up, but it was all in fucking fun. I didn't care about winning. I cared about air time. We just wanted to be funny and do shit and get on the air. BONNIE: That's what I wanted to do too! But it got weird when no other female on the show would talk to me. I was sharing a room with two female contestants, and I said, "Do you guys mind, I have to masturbate to go to sleep?" And they said nothing. Nothing!

Okay, Rich, here it is: You're from New Jersey and always seemed Italian-American to me, so the question is how long have you been a Jew?

RICH: How long have I been a Jew? Since I got the "Never again" tattoo



you call them sweetheart, but I don't mind. I guess if you've been called cunt as many times as I have, it really takes the edge off sweetheart. RICH: The judges loved it!

BONNIE: The judges, yeah, but the contestants were like, "She'll never have a career!" And they were right... [Rich laughs.] The contestants were mean as hell on that show. Those bastards were meaner than any roast I was ever on.

So you were glad to get sent home?

BONNIE: I thought it would be fun, in the beginning, to be around that many comedians all the time, but I didn't take into consideration that they would really be playing to win. Like in a reality show way, *Big Brother* or something.

RICH: The first season and the second season were so different in terms

on my arm and the Jewish star. I don't go onstage and do Jewish material, no, but—

I'm kidding you, but you don't really do a lot of Jewish jokes, right?

RICH: I try to be as personal as possible onstage. I talk about recovery up there, about marriage, divorce, kids, how I see things. When you can get as personal as you can, that's as original as you can get, because you're talking about your life. No one can come up and say, "That's my bit." I had a bit about my stepkids from my first marriage.

No one was really doing stepkid material—

BONNIE: Oh, my God, are you fucking kidding me?!

RICH: What?

BONNIE: Now you're taking credit for stepkid material?

RICH: No, I'm just saying—

BONNIE: My God, his ego is just out of control! "I was the first person to sit on a stool and talk about stepkids." If you were making a joke about someone's huge ego, you'd put that in there. But you're saying it for real. "No one was ever talking about stepkids. No one was ever talking about stepkids!"

RICH: Shut up for one second, okay? I just meant as personal as you can get about your life—

BONNIE: "They didn't even used to bring a stool onstage until I started sitting on one."

RICH: Nope, nope. Bill Cosby was first, and I was second sitting on a stool. BONNIE: Cosby talked about his kids. He talked about other people's kids. Never mentioned stepkids.

RICH: I was pretty much the first!

BONNIE: "I was the first *white* comedian to talk about stepkids." [*Both giggle.*] Rich, I was the first female comedian to wear sneakers onstage. Nobody ever did it before me.

Rich, how'd you end up on *Def Comedy Jam* way back when?

RICH: I had two kids back then—

BONNIE: And a stepkid.

RICH: Yeah, and a stepkid, and I was just trying to make it. I needed to work, and I was doing a lot of urban clubs before other white comics. *Def Jam* was the number one show on HBO, and I knew they were gonna use a white guy—

BONNIE: I thought they found you in the black hair aisle of CVS.

RICH: I got a call they were using a white guy, and I was the white guy they used. One of the scariest experiences of my life. Steve Harvey introduced me as "Something you guys have never seen on this show—" BONNIE: A white guy with a black man's hair!

RICH: See, I'm not making fun of you throughout this, but you can make fun of me?

BONNIE: I'm sorry. That's what I do! That's my skill set.

RICH: Look, I'm accomplished. I broke barriers.

BONNIE: I agree. And I'm proud of you!

Do you remember what you said that night? Did you kill?

RICH: Yeah, it went real well. I said, "I see you girls checking me out." I go, "Once you go white, you go right back to black." And, "My sister used to date a black guy, and you know how they say once you go black, you never go back? That's because your family won't let back you in." That was 20 years ago.

BONNIE: No, I like it. You took a risk, got them on your side.

Finally, tell me about your podcast, My Wife Hates Me.

RICH: We've done over 300 episodes, 350 episodes. We've done 'em all except one or two in our dining room, just her and I without any guests—or preparation obviously if you've ever listened to it. We'll probably do one after this.

BONNIE: No, no, I feel like I just did one. This interview is exactly what the podcast is like.

RICH: Maybe once a month we'll do one in a studio with guests, just to break it up a little, but our brand is her and I at home—

BONNIE: I never want you to say "our brand" again.

RICH: Our niche. Our niche.

BONNIE: It's supposed to sound like you're just listening in on a couple having a conversation.

RICH: Our main brand is us sitting in our dining room, me getting at-

tacked by Bonnie as I just try to keep the whole wheel turning, keep the whole operation going. You know, like I went out yesterday and bought us a— Whaddaya call it, Bonnie?

BONNIE: A pillow-top.

RICH: Yeah, a pillow-top bed, just so my wife is more comfortable sleeping. I want to make her life as comfortable as I possibly can.

How kind.

RICH: That's what I do. I'm just here as the foundation to this whole, uh, structure. And ya know, sometimes when there's a leader, you get attacked, right, Bonnie?

BONNIE: I'm trying to not say anything so you'll stop talking, but that doesn't seem to work.

RICH: I'm sorry.

BONNIE: Remember when, like 20 minutes ago, he said something about "finally" or "last question." I'm thinking maybe he's wrapping it up, so I shouldn't bring up a pillow-top!

But that did show what a good husband Rich is, Bonnie.

BONNIE: Yeah, he did it for himself, believe you me. I just didn't want to get into it, but he 100% bought it for himself.

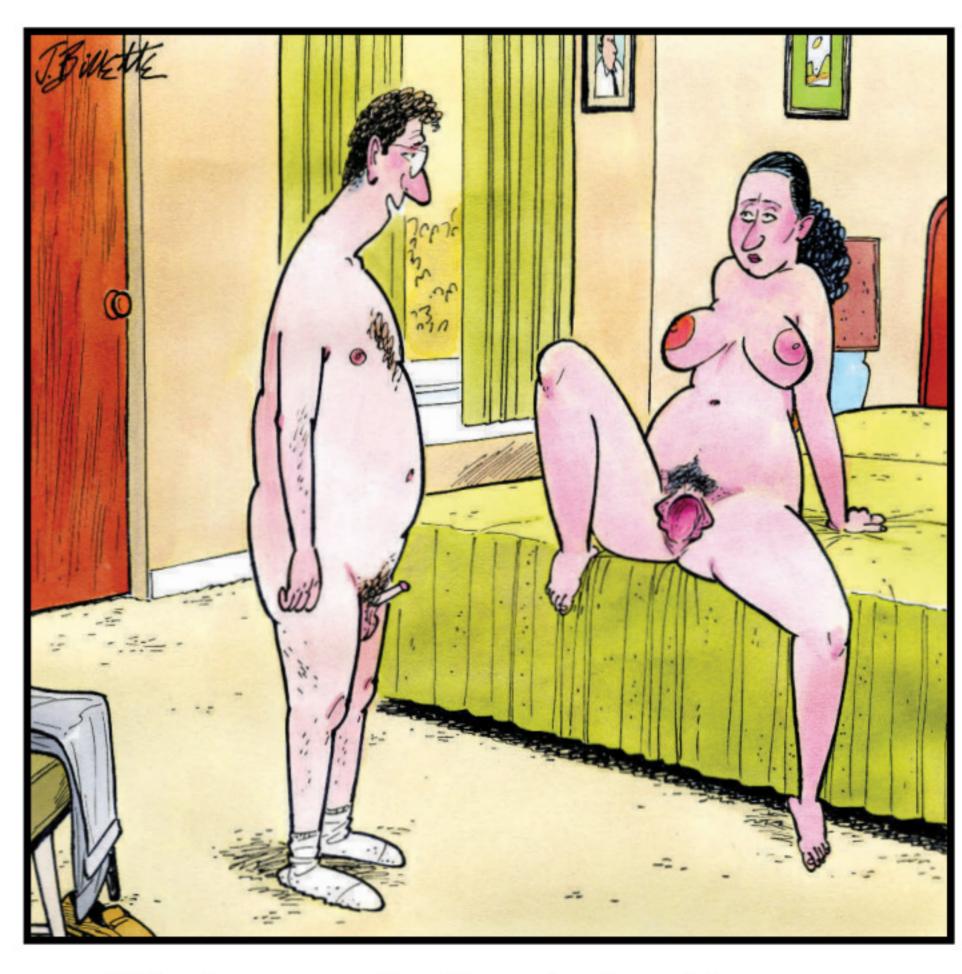
RICH: No way! BONNIE: Richard!

[In the background a young girl's voice can be heard.]

RICH: Our daughter's here. Maybe you should ask her some questions? BONNIE: No, stop, Rich! Remember, almost done, wrapping it up, thank you so much for interviewing us, we had a great time, you are a complete joy, we are honored to be in HUSTLER Magazine. I will send you a picture of my vagina as soon as we get off the phone.

RICH: Okay, what she said.

See Rich and Bonnie savage each other and their friends at VosRoast.com, and listen to My Wife Hates Me on your favorite podcast platform.



"It's funny, really. Everybody said we were made for each other!"



"They call it PMS because mad cow disease was already taken."



SHOWCASE HARDCORE

5 VIRGIN STEPDAUGHTERS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: KATERINA KAY, JENNA ASH-LEY, SCARLET RED, SANDRA LUBERC, KAYLEE HAZE, MARCO BANDERAS, SCOTT LYONS, EVAN STONE, ERIC JOHN & BRUCE VENTURE.



5 Virgin Stepdaughters is a raunchy paean to plucking cherries straight from the family tree. The video kicks off with freshfaced blonde Katerina Kay, whose slight frame suggests that she could stand to enjoy a few more dinners at the family table. One half-expects her twig-like figure to snap in two as she's put through the sexual wringer. Fortunately, her stepdad does his best to nurture her with the slab of meat surging between his legs, coaching her in the art of deep-throating before serving up a dollop of syrup directly from his spigot. Jenna Ashley is of heartier stock, with her perky dairy domes and ample booty. Ashley's appealing curves help offset the appearance of her rat-like, Steve Buscemi-esque lover, who looks like he might have been the recipient of a curb-stomping the night before the shoot. Nonetheless, Ashley bounces on his skinsicle with joyous abandon, coaxing his milky load onto her juicy butt patties. Scarlet Red is bound to test the viewer's suspension of disbelief; despite her nom du smut, she's a blonde, and she seems to be en route to 30, making the stepdaughter scenario a touch implausible. Still, she's fetching, and her body is a sight to behold, especially as she pounds her face on a fuckstick while arcs of saliva hang from her chin. As family affairs go, 5 Virgin Stepdaughters is something to write home about. To order, call our new DVD hotline, 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 or visit HustlerStore.com. —Pico D. Ribibi



HARDCORE SHOWCASE









CLASSIC PORN

TRENCHCOATX.COM. DIRECTOR: KAY-DEN KROSS. STARRING: BREE DANIELS, GINA VALENTINA, EVELYN CLAIRE, KENNA JAMES, KISSA SINS, MANUEL FERRARA, MARKUS DUPREE & JESSY JONES.

Some would argue that adult entertainment had a golden era. Others might suggest that erotica is an ever-evolving art form progressing toward its ultimate state. Classic Porn finds itself at a middle ground, filtering the history of cinematic filth through the modern sensibilities of budding XXX auteur Kayden Kross. This video is billed as Kross's "take on the most classic porn scenarios in a brand-new volume of finely crafted smut." As anyone who's seen Kross's work knows, her stylistic imprint is strong. The maiden scene features blonde Kenna James and brunette Evelyn Claire as female roommates who are either moving into or out of their apartment. Mainly it's a standard Kross offering, marked by soft music and lighting. It definitely works, but a subsequent scene, featuring Bree Daniels employing the sexual services of a plumber in her 1950s-style kitchen, adheres to a much more retro aesthetic. Redheaded and as curvy as a mountain road, Daniels will appeal to anyone who waited in vain for a Mad Men scene where Christina Hendricks forced a ropyveined cock past her tonsils. A jazz-inflected vignette follows, where a writer bangs exotic pizza girl Gina Valentina, and the video closes with a spandex-clad tribute to the fitness-obsessed '80s. Kross's nod to smut's past is passable, but she should probably keep her eye on the future by creating her own modern blue-screen classic. —P.D.R.















HARDCORE SHOWCASE



CARNAL

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: JESSICA DRAKE, ANGELA
WHITE, MERCEDES CARRERA, ANA FOXXX,
EMBER SNOW, KARMA RX, KAYLANI LEI, LILY
LANE, MARICA HASE, NYOMI STAR, TIA KAI,
NATASSIA DREAMS, BRAD ARMSTRONG, ERIC
MASTERSON, RYAN DRILLER, SEAN MICHAELS, SMALL HANDS &
TOMMY GUNN.

Carnal, director Brad Armstrong's effort to establish himself as the Cecil B. DeMille of pop-shots, is epically wrought, beautifully filmed, tastefully scored, breathtaking and, mostly, hot—but it's also pretty schizophrenic thematically. The offering revolves around Jessica Drake, a seasoned performer who's remarkably well-preserved, and traverses through an array of erotic adventures. The viewer might be wary about some of the twists that the journey pursues. The first scene features Drake as some sort of winged nymph creature as she's doubleteamed by a pair of beefcakes. It's like the cover of a Harlequin Romance novel, set on the last dwindling iceberg in the Antarctic, with graphic penetration. Or Armstrong's demo reel in pursuit of a diamond commercial. Either way, it's effective. A hyper-stylish, S&M-themed scene follows, during which a caged Bam Margera-looking guy is tormented by a couple of vaguely Russian-sounding chicks in latex cop outfits. Which is where Carnal begins to feel like a Ryan Murphy fever dream—the type where Murphy is trying to figure out the last half of an American Horror Story season and ends up tossing everything and the kitchen sink into the mix. Viewers who sprout wood over top hats and goggles will surely enjoy the steampunk orgy in Carnal, but will they appreciate the samurai-inspired, Asian-themed lesbian buffet it's followed by? This feels like a prop-shop fire sale in search of a concept—and the final scene's gender-fluid mindfuck might be more than some viewers bargained for. Carnal is like a box of chocolates—some you'll savor; others you might retch over.









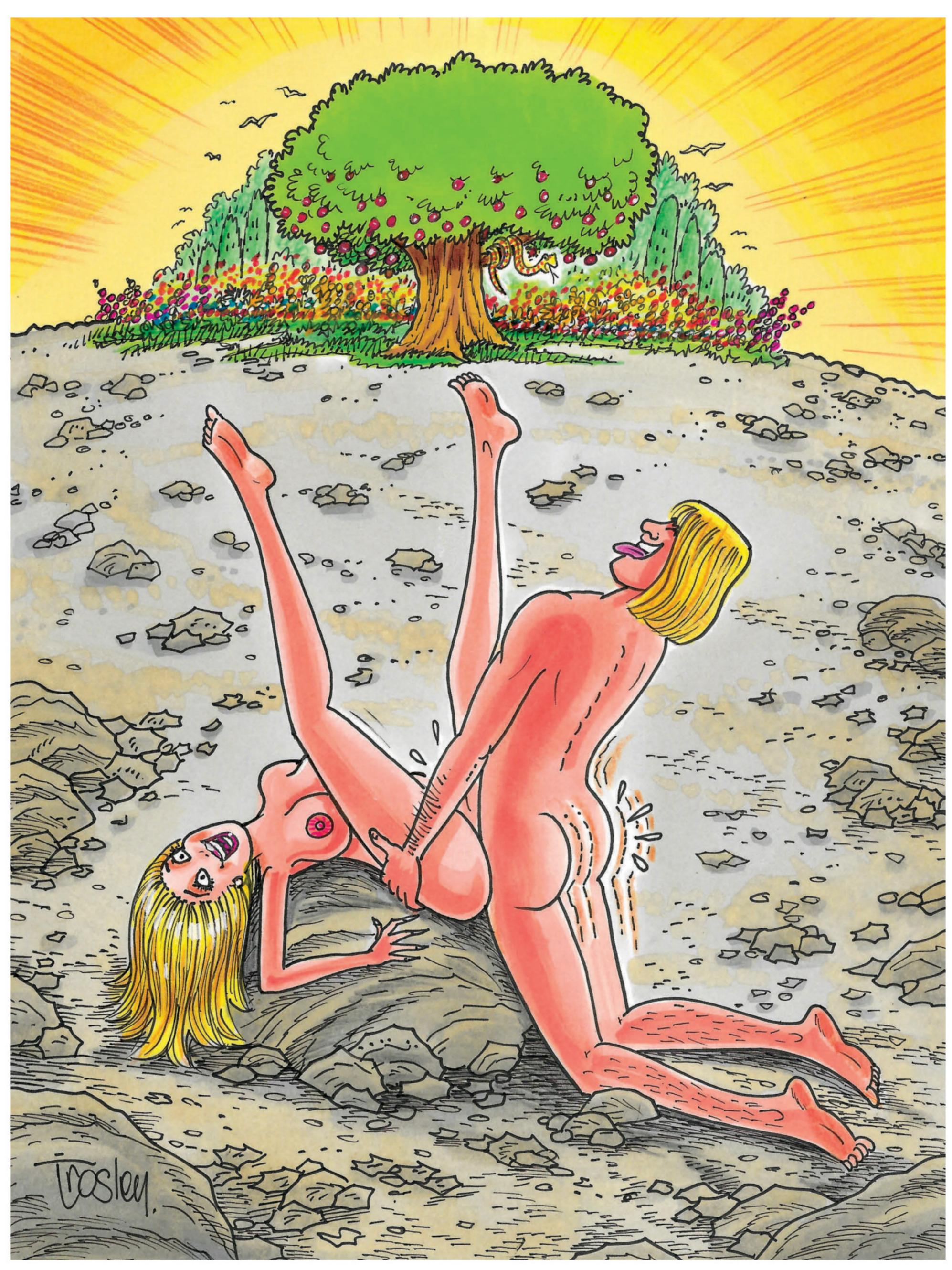












"Fuck Eden! I'll take penis over paradise any day of the week."

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

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MIA EVANS

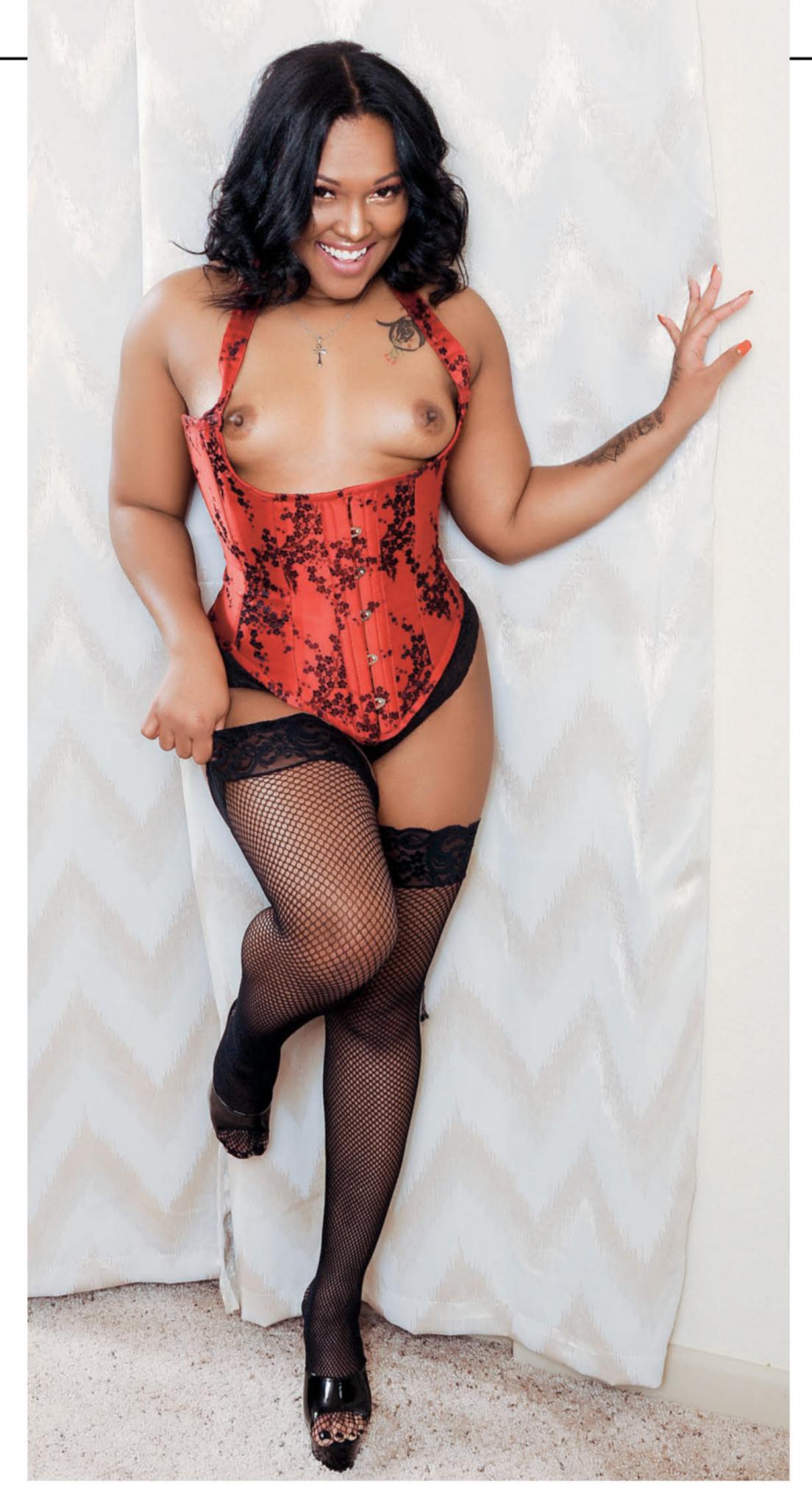
"I love getting naked and being a tease or a man's sexual fantasy," says Mia Evans, 22, a former fashion-modeling wannabe who's gone skin-biz all the way. "I'm a very happygo-lucky girl from Budapest, Hungary. You only live once, and I really enjoy my life." The 5-foot-7 sailing aficionada fesses up, "I'm a nympho. Sex is a wonderful thing. I love the cock, and women are so tasty. What works best for me is riding a dick or tongue and being in control." With Valentine's Day on the horizon, we ask Mia to share a memorable romantic escapade: "My ex-boyfriend took me lingerie shopping. I was trying on cute outfits to wear to bed that night. He got really excited, and we got it on doggy-style in the dressing room. Noticing the salesgirl watching us made it even more of a turn-on. Too bad she didn't join in."

—Photos by Omnia Productions

BEAVER HUNT









"I wanted to appear naked in HUSTLER because I'm an exhibitionist," declares Canela Cumings, 24, a onetime pharmacy tech from Hartford, Connecticut. "I admire how Larry Flynt puts beautiful women on a pedestal. I was born in Jamaica, and Jamaicans are known as hustlers when it comes to fulfilling goals and dreams. My goal is to become a sex therapist, and being in HUSTLER will remind me to keep hustling and working my ass off." Canela continues, "I have a crazy personality. I'm classy, sassy, a bit badassy, adventurous, intuitive, reliable and witty. My hobbies are singing, dancing, traveling, ghost hunting and meeting people." The 5-foot-0 skin-mag rookie is a lively sex partner. "I enjoy the pleasure of both men and women," Canela confides, "and the more the merrier! I love orgies they're wild, intense and full of surprises. I also like mild BDSM, role-play and men in uniform. Oral sex and squirting are my best talents, and I've been asked if I was a gymnast multiple times. To say I have the sex drive of a stallion is an understatement. In the bedroom I'm insatiable, seductive, selfless, tasty and addicting. Once I start teasing, there's no quitting." —Photos by Friend













JENEVIEVE HEXXX

"I love being a naked goddess in the human flesh for your readers," states Jenevieve Hexxx, 34, from Las Vegas, Nevada. "I'm a bewitching, magical, mystical, serpentine sex sorceress and an enchanting dark fairy." Her fave TV series is *The Mists of Avalon*, and she adores its pantheon of female characters, especially King Arthur's half-sister Morgaine. Jenevieve is both multitalented and uninhibited. "I do yoga, wrestling, aerial arts, snake dancing and belly dancing," the 5-foot-4 bombshell tells us. "I'm also a psychic, and I read tarot cards professionally. I wear many hats and little clothing." Jenevieve really perks up when talking about her sex life: "I'm free-spirited, and I live out all kinds of kinks and sexual scenarios. Every day is dirty, daring, wild, hot, seductive and provocative. I'm a succubus who will suck a man's soul out through his cock, and he'll thank me. I also love eating pussy—meow!—and orgies."

—Photos by NoRegretsPhotography.net











PAYTON

"This was my first time modeling nude," recalls Payton, 23, an interior decorator from Grand Rapids, Michigan. "Expecting to be nervous, I was caught off guard when I found myself laughing and having a great time." The 5-foot-6 eye-catcher just doesn't want anyone to get the wrong idea about her. "I'm very bubbly, extroverted and flirtatious," Payton discloses, "but not promiscuous. When I'm in a serious relationship, I enjoy exploring all aspects of my sexuality—behind closed doors. Then again, being single—hopefully for not too much longer—I decided to channel my inner exhibitionist." Cracking a smile comes easy for Payton, whose favorite nonsexual pastimes are swimming, cardio exercising and watching Cartoon Network. "Most of my fave shows are on Adult Swim," she elaborates. "Mr. Pickles and Squidbillies are beyond hilarious." Payton can be funny in a sexy way—like donning smiley-face tights and snipping out the crotch instead of taking them off to expose her tushy and pussy. —Photos by Miami Steve







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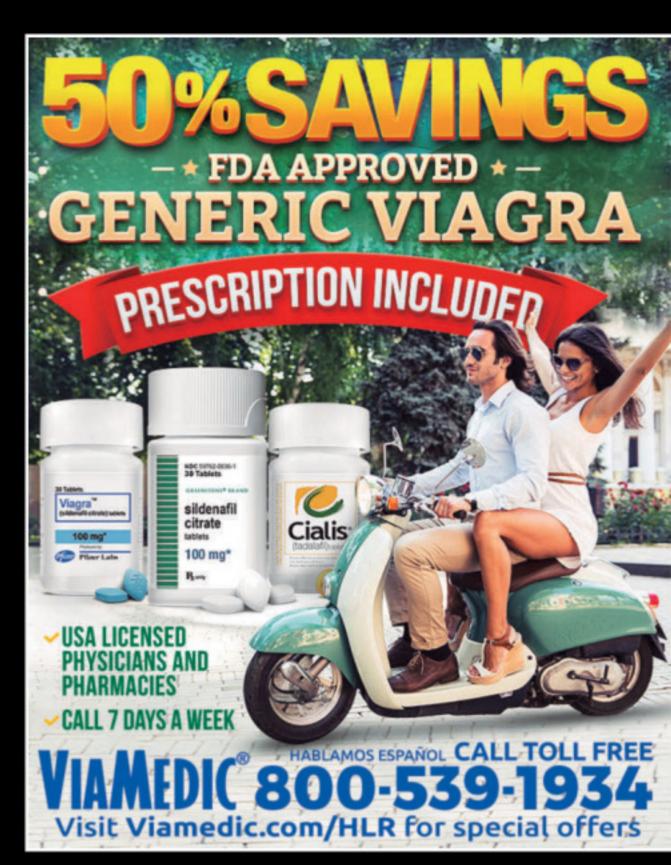
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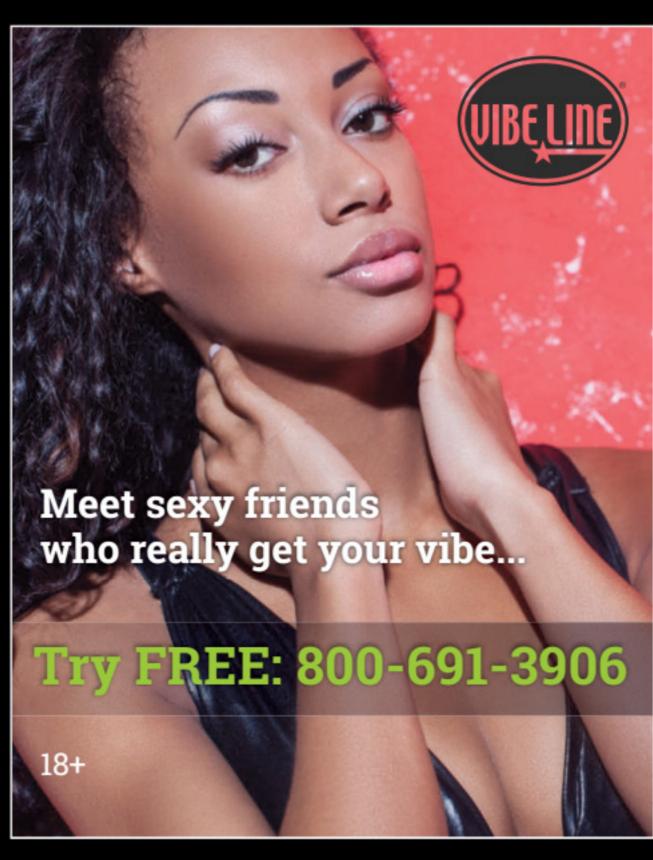
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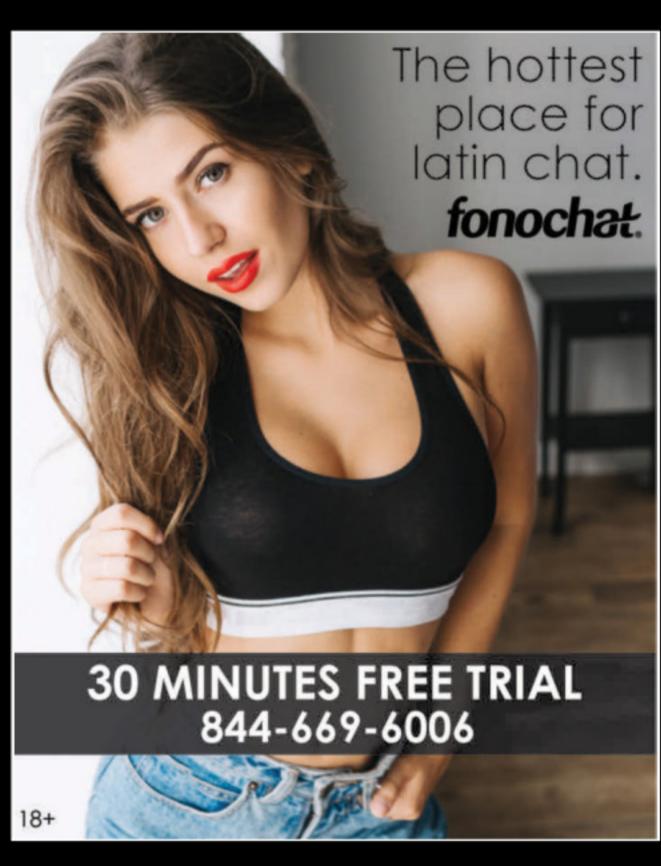












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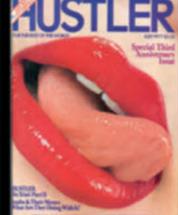




































































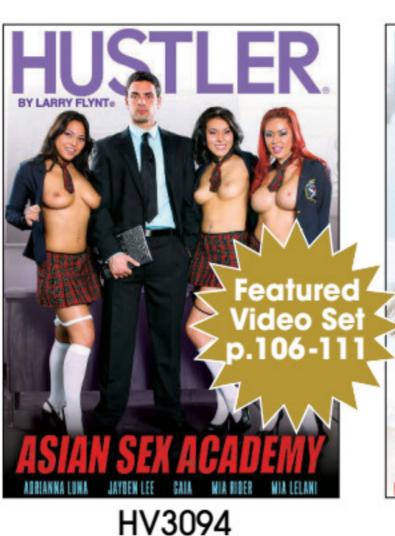


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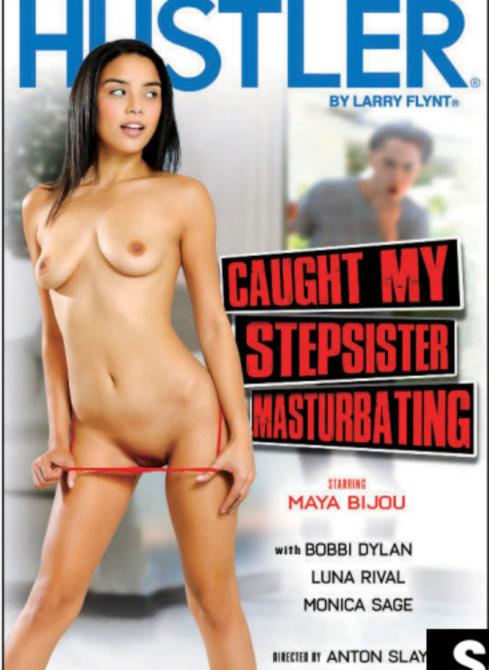






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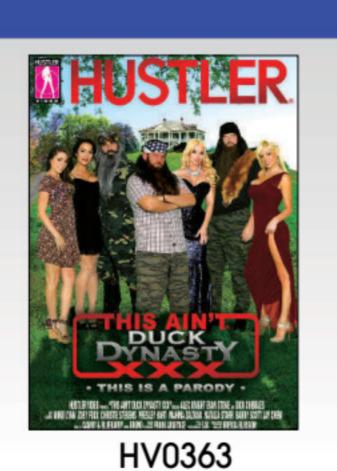
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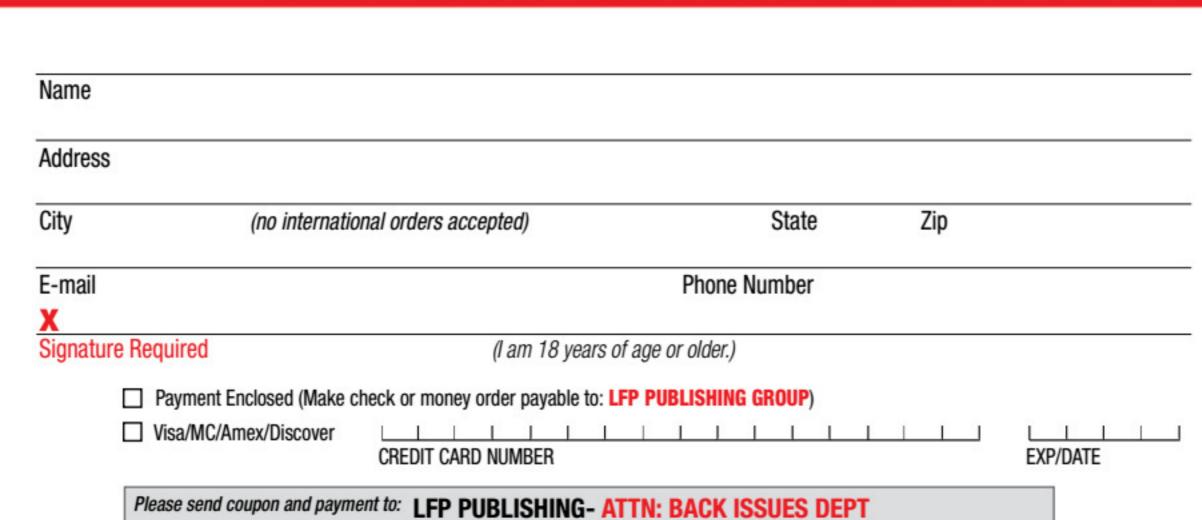


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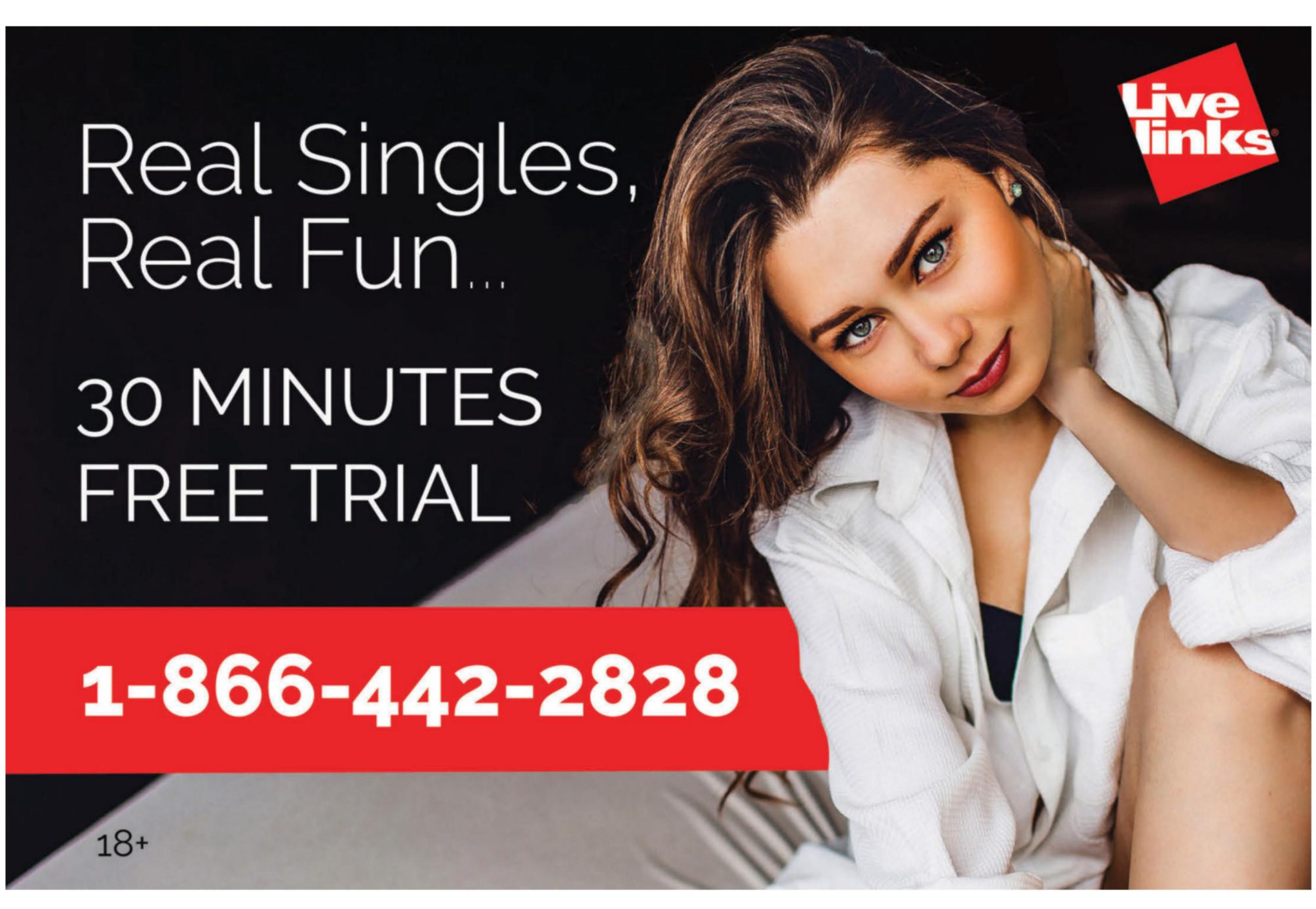
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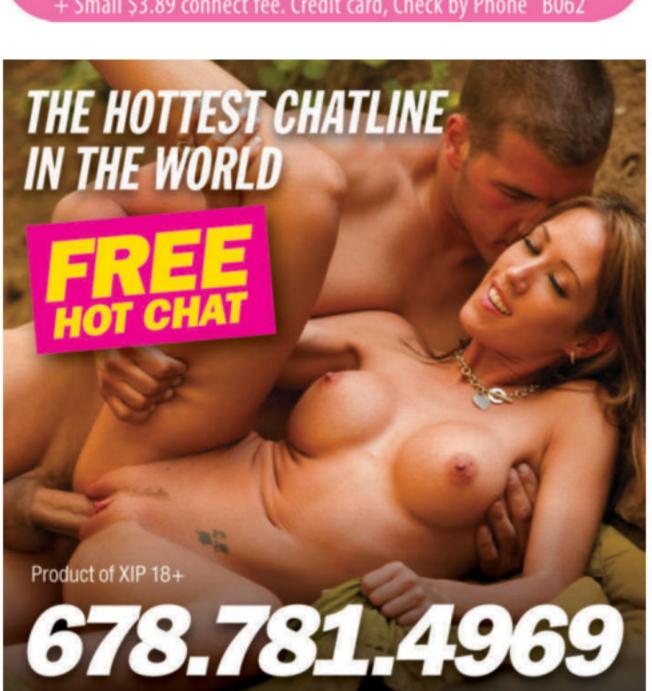












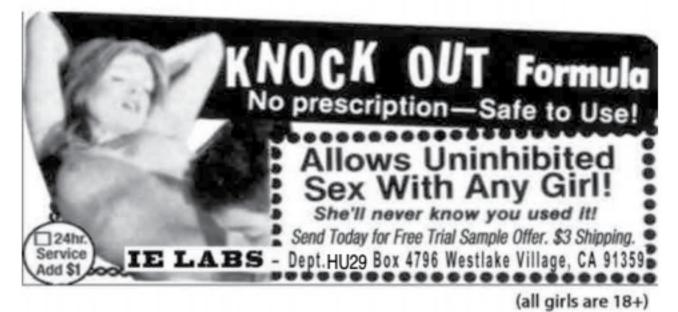






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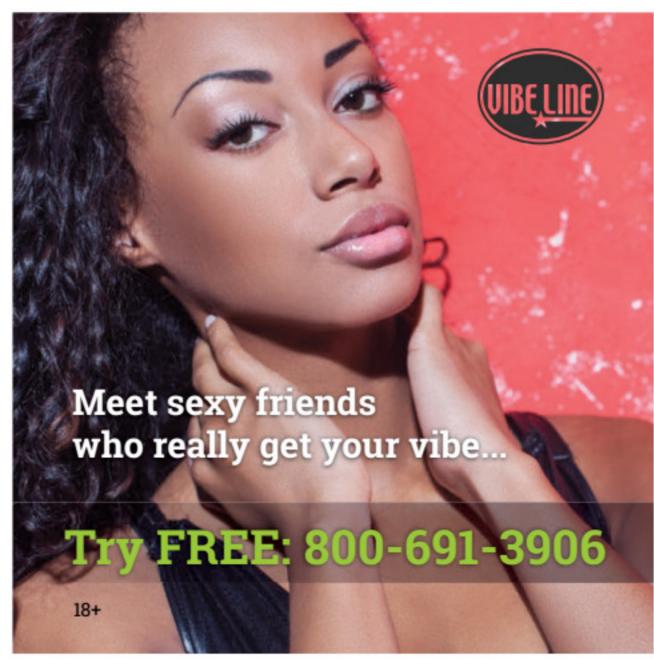




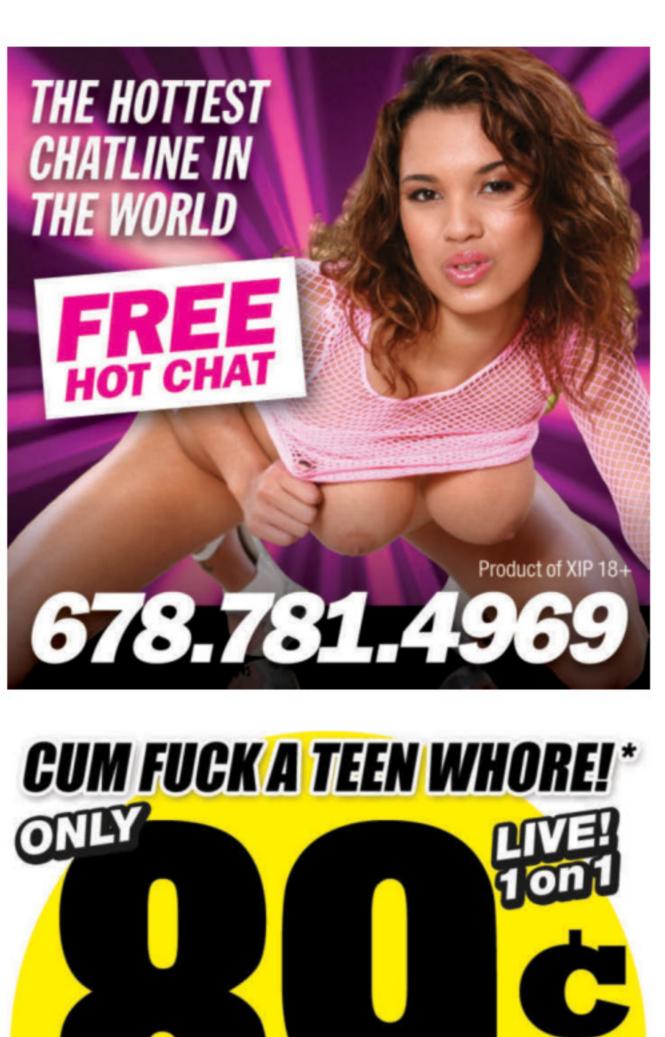
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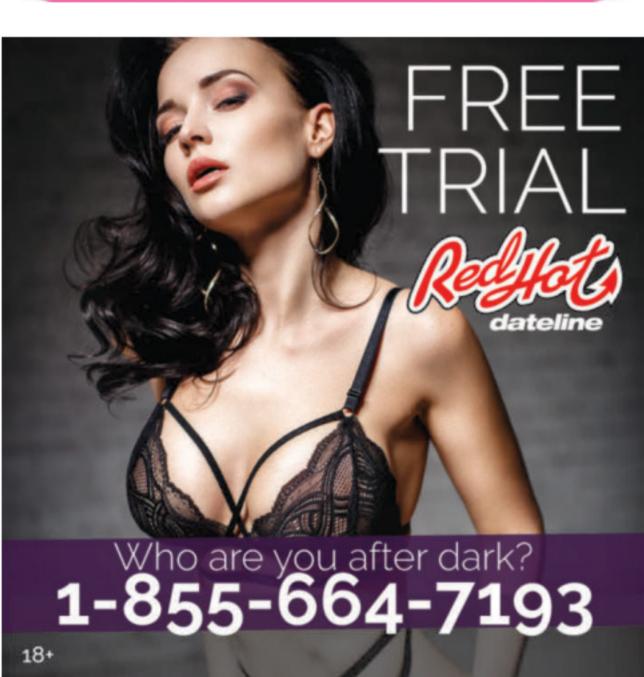


















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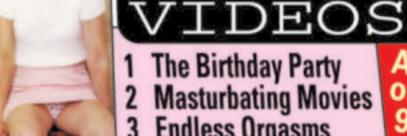
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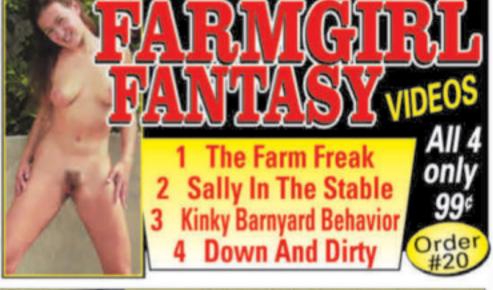
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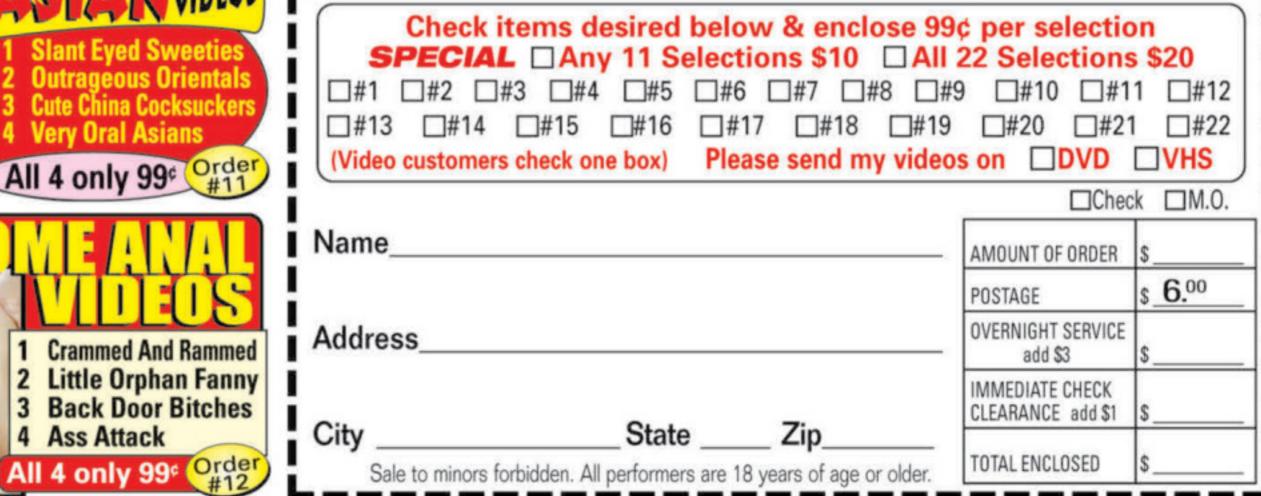






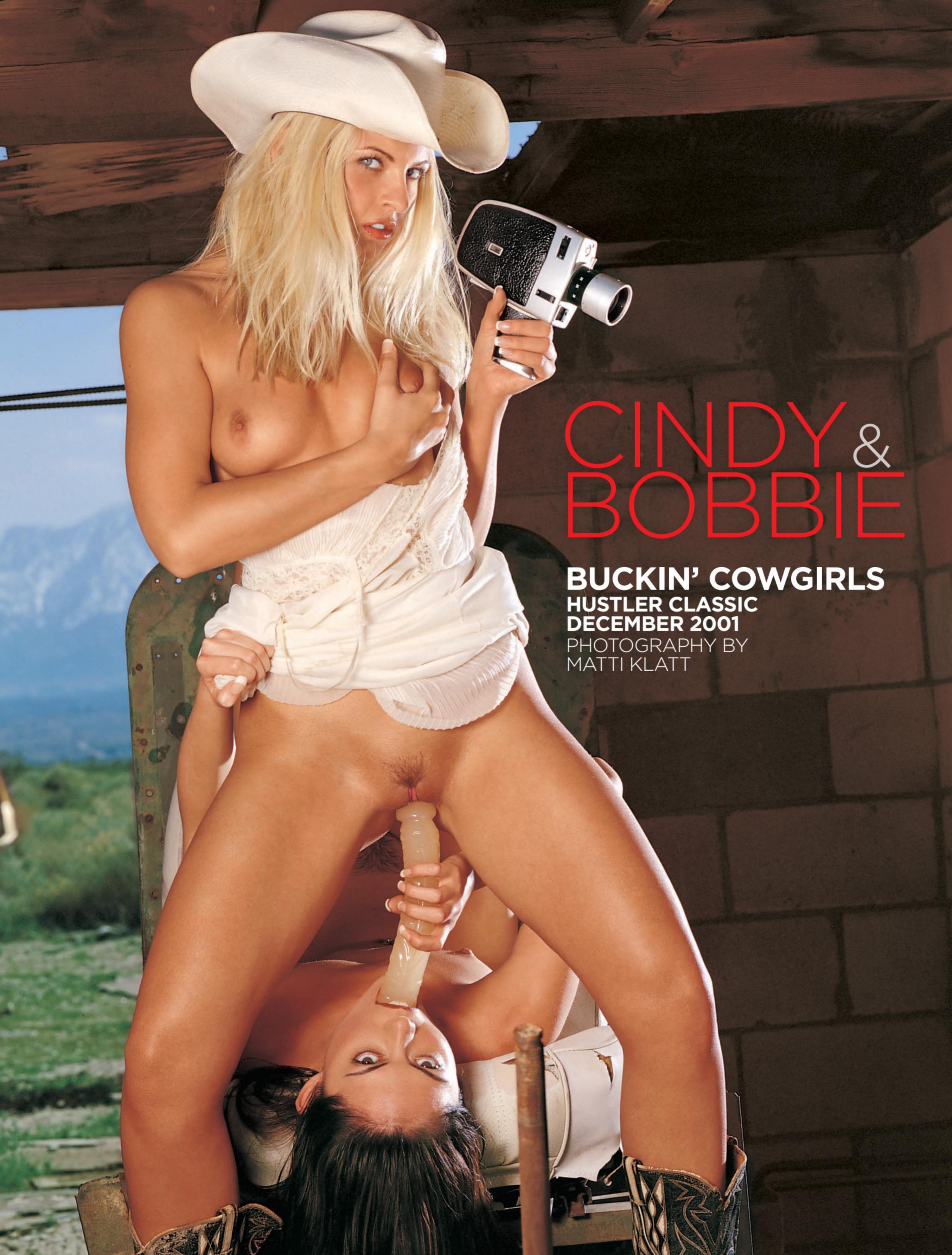


















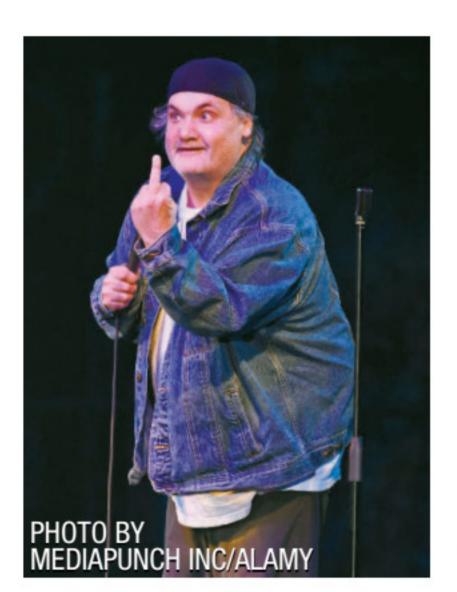








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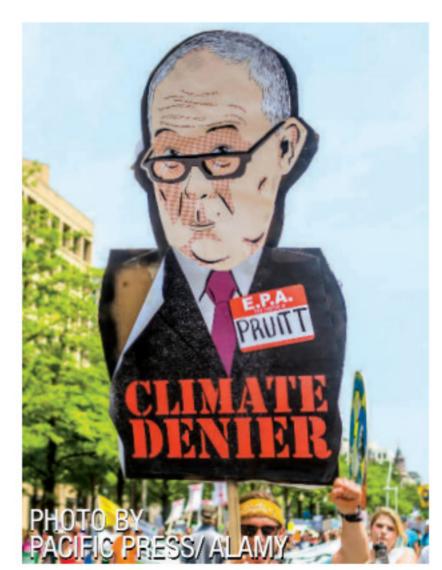


ARTIE LANGE

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